THE NATION
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MARCH 1, 1965 . . 35c

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ANOTHER DIENBIENPHU?

Isaac Deutscher

The Steelworkers Vote: PRELUDE TO A STRIKE . . **B. J. Widick**

Educational TV: THE TIMID CRUSADERS . . **Richard M. Elman**

Florida's 'LUCKY' TREASURE HUNT . . **Robert G. Sherrill**

THE FRIENDLY BRITANNICA . . Arthur M. Louis

THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE . . Harold Clurman

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LETTERS

Potter's footsteps

Yucaipa, Calif.

Dear Sirs: To my way of thinking "Council on the Future" by Van Rensselaer Potter [*The Nation*, Feb. 8] shows the most intelligent thinking of any you have published for some time. . . . Let's have follow-up articles on the theme of Dr. Potter's thinking.

Clennie B. Sharp

Bridgewater, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Dr. Potter seems to be suffering from a messianic complex so often found among scientists. These people have the mistaken notion that their expertise in a certain restricted field entitles them to make decisions for the rest of us. What arrogance! What presumption! . . .

Edna Yates

Jazz at 'The Nation'

New York City

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on finally bringing coverage of live jazz to *The Nation* ["Jazz at the Judson" by A. B. Spellman, Feb. 8]—an act that places *The Nation* a light year beyond most of its contemporaries among "serious" magazines. Most valuable, of course, is your choice of a thoroughly oriented observer—A. B. Spellman.

Nat Hentoff

The muddlers

Encino, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The California Young Republicans have adopted a resolution censuring the then California attorney general, Earl Warren, for his (according to CYR) abrogation of the civil rights of Japanese-Americans during World War II. Since the CYR saw fit to go back a quarter of a century for that little gem (obviously out of deep personal feeling), perhaps their name should be changed to the California Middle-Aged Republicans. . . . On the other hand, as they also opposed medicare for the elderly, we could not very well call them the California Senior Citizen Republicans. . . .

With all this concern for civil rights, the CYR elected as president an arch supporter of Barry Goldwater, who was one of the few United States Senators to vote *against* the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

Mackenzie Owen Coggin

Reform at L.I.U.

Huntington, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: In the course of my article "Custodians of the Language Convene" [*The Nation*, Feb. 8], I had this to say about Long Island University: "Its salary scale is scandalous; its buildings are hideous; its classrooms are jammed to the rafters; its administration is antediluvian to say the least. . . ."

I am happy to report that these generalizations now need qualification. Under its dynamic new provost, Mr. William Birenbaum, Long Island University has taken radical steps to raise faculty salaries, reduce the size of classes, and to inaugurate many other needed reforms.

My generalizations should have been phrased in the past tense: ante Sept. 1, 1964.

Wade Thompson

Professional absurdities

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Everyone who teaches literature in college will agree that certain absurdities attend his profession, but I found Wade Thompson's piece on the Modern Language Association much more fatuous than the MLA itself ever manages to be. To suppose that the scramble for rank and salary, the class distinctions, the disdainfulness of the great, and the conflict between ideals and conduct are peculiar to or the responsibility of the MLA is to exhibit a considerable naïveté. Has Mr. Thompson heard neither of capitalism nor of human nature? He has at least heard of the American Association of University Professors, I suppose, but in that case why does he think that the MLA should set up as a competing trade union?

The MLA tries to serve as a central exchange of ideas, professional information, jobs, etc., and it does well enough in a humble way. If ideas are rarer than ambitions, and gospel rarer than gossip, that is hardly the fault of the MLA, which is not after all a reform league. Mr. Thompson is uncharitable to his colleagues, most of whom view themselves and their organization with as much irony as he, and perhaps with fewer clichés.

Richard Ohmann

Old buttons

Reseda, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I am attempting to collect and organize political campaign buttons of the Socialist, Populist, Farmer-Labor and other radical parties and movements. I am particularly interested in buttons for local, regional and Presidential candidates in the early part of this century.

Such a project is, I feel, an important step toward recording the history of radicalism in our country. I will also appreciate any leads your readers may have, in helping me track down those items. Buttons may be sent to me at: 7313 Zelzah Ave., Reseda, Calif.

Dan Bessie

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God Help the Victor

The war hawks are in a happy polemical position—in effect, they can do no wrong. They are never called to account. If fifty fighter-bombers do not impress the North Vietnamese, they raise the ante to a hundred and fifty; if the result, as General Taylor said of the "reprisal" operations to date, is still more psychological than military, they can ask for redoubled efforts, and so on ad infinitum. Their opponents can never be right, except perhaps in the history books, since nothing is more unpopular than reason and moderation in the midst of gunfire. It is about time, however, that the hawks were forced to answer a simple question: What would happen if their plans were completely successful? Where would they go from there?

Let us ask the question first in the least disagreeable form. Assume that the United States, with its overwhelming air power, has knocked North Vietnam out of the war. Ho Chi Minh has fled, the Vietcong has no source of supply except American arms and, by some military miracle, these also are denied them; we are victorious North and South. China, a paper tiger, has not come to the aid of its North Vietnamese ally.

It is a lovely vision, but at this point the complications begin. There is no stable government in the South and we have ousted the stable government in the North. We must, therefore, install a government of our own, as we did in Japan in 1945. But there we had a highly literate, industrially advanced and cohesive population to deal with; since we left them their Emperor, they were tractable. Nothing of the sort exists in Vietnam. Even the war hawks concede that 70 or 80 per cent of the population is against us; hence the failure of the peasants in nearby villages to give warning of the impending attack at Pleiku, and the odd spectacle of American soldiers hiring mercenaries to guard their camps against sneak attacks. The country is a hodgepodge of sects, tribes, classes, peasants, militarists, mountain people, plains people, river people, with nothing really holding them together. So, for an indefinite time, we shall have to do the actual governing, behind a façade of native stooges. We will be a colonial power in an age of anti-colonialism, white governors among Asians. And the Chinese Reds will be watching on the other side of the border.

Now suppose the Chinese are not as complaisant as we had hoped, and when we are on the verge of subjugating the Vietnamese, Red hordes pour over the border in a human flood. From the hawk point of view, that is just fine: we might as well do the whole job now, before they have missiles and atomic warheads. The Russians, thank God, stand aside, and we have only a few million armed Chinese to cope with. There is only one way to deal with them—nuclear bombing, and lots of it. In this way we reduce the cities and some military installations; but the country is too big, and the Chinese are too numerous, for these measures to suffice. A few hundred thousand, or a few million, Chinese irregulars fight in the countryside as they fought first the Japanese, then the Kuomintang. Of course we can bring Chiang Kai-shek back from Taiwan and install him once more in Peking, but the major military and administrative burden will be on us. It is a large order, one that may well daunt even the war hawks if they look a little beyond their beaks.

These are the questions. Is this prospect anything that can by any stretch of imagination be called victory? The hawks can get us in, but can they get us out? If they have answers to these questions, let them enlighten the President and the people now, when we are near the point of no return but not yet past it.

The Moral Issue

We were urged once before to intervene in full strength in Vietnam—when the French, whom we had been aiding against Ho Chi Minh's guerrilla army at a cost of $800 million a year, faced defeat at Dienbienphu. Vice President Nixon, Admiral Radford and others were then urging President Eisenhower to drop a few atomic bombs. The carriers were in the Tonkin Gulf, awaiting only the order to fight. But Eisenhower held back. He remembered that he had been elected on his promise to end the war in Korea, and that in the course of the campaign he had said that if there had to be fighting, Asians should fight Asians. But if he unleashed the carrier aircraft, and the Asians on our side did not choose to fight, American troops would have to be sent in. A general himself, Eisenhower could stand up against the generals and admirals and Nixons, and he did. We were saved for the time being, only to face the same choice now, under even worse conditions.

Eisenhower was troubled also by a moral question: even in war, morality, or some simulation of it, plays a role. He sought a Vietnamese coalition that might give moral meaning to intervention and could not find it. Nor can it be found now. We conceive it to be in our national interest to keep Southeast Asia non-Communist, if not capitalist in our own image. That is the reality; statements like the President's ringing peroration to the Boy Scouts, "We shall take up any threat, we shall pay any price, to make certain that freedom shall not perish from this earth," is mere fustian. If our national interest requires victory in Vietnam, then international morality, such as it is, requires that we do our own fighting. On a moral basis, we cannot expect Asians to do our fighting for us, and as a practical matter we know they will not; that is why we are losing in Vietnam. No amount of gunpowder, high explosives or napalm will alter these facts.

The shambles in South Vietnam has made a mockery of the contention that we are there at the request of the

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government of South Vietnam and that all would be well if only the Communists would let their neighbors alone. There *is* no government in South Vietnam. The people have no voice in the successive coalitions that are thrown together, but it is clear that the great majority want us to get out. Some of them may want to be left alone by the Communists; but, even more, they want to be left alone by us. On WNEW Radio, Henry Cabot Lodge was asked: "Under a situation like this, is there any possibility of forming a democratic government?" His answer, verbatim, was "Not in the way we —no, no. Not in the way we use the word at all. . . ." The reporter suggested, "Then some form of military government is probably the answer. . . ." Lodge: "Well, a military government or some form of rather absolutist government, either civilian or military. . . ." So we are back with Ngo Dinh Diem, whom Lodge helped to oust, or another like him. The quest for a moral basis, which could not be found by Eisenhower, has reached a dead end. There is no use continuing to look.

Year of Decision for the GOP

The performance of the Republican Party in the last election should not be allowed to obscure the fact that it has sometimes taken intelligent positions and is capable, one hopes, of doing so again. Its rehabilitation would be in the national interest. One obstacle has been overcome: the National Committee is now in the capable hands of Ray C. Bliss who, early in 1962, as chairman of the Committee on Big City Politics, issued a cogent report pointing out that the basic weakness of the party was its neglect of the metropolitan voter. The preface contains the relevant data. In 1960, when the Nixon-Lodge ticket was defeated, of the forty-one cities (excluding Washington, D.C.) with more than 300,000 population, only fourteen produced Republican majorities. These forty-one cities cast about 22 per cent of the vote, and 123 Congressmen were elected from districts lying wholly or partially within their boundaries. The report lists various reasons for this poor showing, including the crucial one: "weak candidates or no candidates at all."

This factor should be pondered by the Republican Party in the City of New York, for New York is the biggest of the big cities and if the party is to be rehabilitated New York is the place to begin. And 1965 is the year, for the Democrats are badly divided and even the most cynical voters will remember the recent squalid performance at Albany [see "Wagner, Rocky and the Kennedy Act" by James Desmond, *The Nation*, February 22]. Furthermore, because of the way the Republicans fumbled the issue of reapportionment, a new legislature must be chosen this year, and the mayoralty campaign will have more than normal political significance. The turnout of voters in New York City—usually high in a mayoralty election—could materially affect the balance of power in Albany. The five boroughs of the city elect twenty-five State Senators and sixty-five Assemblymen.

One element in the 1960 defeat which Mr. Bliss forbore to mention was that in too many instances the GOP has forfeited city elections by playing along with Democratic city machines: "Give us the statehouse—you can have city hall." This may occasionally have elected a Republican governor who would not have made it otherwise, but it is unhealthy for the Republican cause generally and the more so in a situation of the kind that prevails in New York. If the GOP sets up another stooge, the voters will assume, probably rightly, that it has once more sold out to Tammany Hall in exchange for a few judgeships. The Democratic Party in New York City needs the stimulus of a real challenge almost as badly as the Republicans need a victory. The Democratic apparatus is flabby and ridiculous and has been for years, and the basic reason is that it has not been seriously challenged since the La Guardia period.

Either Sen. Jacob K. Javits or Rep. John V. Lindsay would be a formidable candidate. It must be someone of that caliber. Lindsay is quite right to insist on conditions—an early decision, a campaign fund of not less than $1.5 million, and control over the selection of candidates for other offices. If the Republican Party cannot meet these conditions, whether for Mr. Lindsay or Mr. Javits or their equivalent, the inference would be either that they are not serious about cities or that no first-rate candidate is willing to run. In either case the party will deserve to remain in the limbo where it now languishes.

California Could Get It Too

For an earthquake rated at 8.4 to 8.6 on the Richter scale, fatalities in Anchorage last March were almost miraculously low. Had it occurred at another hour on another day, the cost in human lives might have matched the property damage. What happened in Anchorage should be a warning to San Francisco, Los Angeles and other California cities, which have been acting as if it couldn't happen there. But it can.

California and Nevada suffer about 95 per cent of the approximately 5,000 perceptible earthquakes recorded in the United States each year. More than 450 people were killed in the San Francisco disaster of 1906, about 130 at Long Beach in 1933. The latter quake was rather moderate, yet it would have been a catastrophe if it had not come after school hours. There is as yet no way of predicting seismic events, but Southern California's last heavy one was in 1857 and Dr. Richter remarks that a return engagement is overdue. San Francisco is probably no better off. Yet when two government geologists, testifying before a California legislative committee, questioned the wisdom of real estate development on filled land in San Francisco Bay, they were informed by their superiors in Washington that such discussion was out of order and that they were thenceforth to keep silent.

In the Long Beach disaster a disproportionate amount of damage was done to buildings on filled land. It is not necessarily so: everything depends on the type of fill, the extent to which it is consolidated. the amplitude, acceleration and duration of the earth

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movements, and the building itself. Reclaimed land might be so engineered, and the buildings so designed and constructed, that they would be safer than buildings not so well tied together and standing on inferior soil. Nevertheless, two members of the American Institute of Architects and Engineers Joint Council team that studied the Anchorage debris write in the *AIA Journal* that loose soil, with its jellylike consistency, "subjects a building to a longer and more damaging oscillation than would compacted land, which transmits a more concentrated and less damaging shock." An expert on aseismic design says the same thing in the same issue, and points out the special danger inherent in discontinuities between good and poor soil under a building.

One does not need to be an earthquake phobiac to feel somewhat dubious about the boom in high-rise building in Los Angeles, as well as the silencing of the geologists in San Francisco. In the latter case, pressure was apparently exerted by the public relations man for a real estate development on the Bay margin, who also happened to be the field secretary of the Congressman from the district. Harold Gilliam, who broke the story in the *San Francisco Sunday Chronicle*, writes: "It is scarcely an adequate safeguard to leave judgment about earthquake safety on fills to the people who are making money from the filling."

The Big City Press

A major weakness in the way that the big city press handles municipal affairs is a chronic distractability which politicians have learned to exploit. The process is so simple that one could prepare a how-to-do-it guide by which city hall can divert the press from almost any municipal scandal. The first thing to do is to express "surprise" at the scandal, with a slight suggestion of disbelief. Then go on to say that, since there is always the possibility of at least "one bad apple in the barrel," a special committee has been appointed to investigate the charges. For the next few days resolutely brush off all further inquiries with the statement that it would be obviously improper to "prejudge" the work of the committee. The next step is to announce that certain employees may be entitled to a raise in salaries; mind you, don't give them a raise or even promise it—just suggest the likelihood. The purpose here is to seal off further press "leaks" from disgruntled employees of the department under investigation. When the committee submits its report, announce that it is being studied. By this time it is almost certain, in a big city, that the press will be off on another tangent. If the worst happens and indictments are returned, the cases can be dragged out interminably and, if the press is looking the other way, the chances are good that by having some "small fry" defendants cop a plea, the scandal can finally be disposed of—with scarcely a whisper of comment. The key to the success of the routine is the neurotic distractability of the big city press.

An example, one of many, of how the formula works may be found in "the great meat market scandal" of 1959, on which the press pounced with ferocious zeal —for a few days. The pocket of the consumer, particularly in the poorer neighborhoods, was being picked by false weights and measures to the tune of $15 million a year. It was deplorable, and something had to be done about it right away. But almost immediately, the attention of the fickle press was diverted to newer and therefore more newsworthy events. Four months after the scandal broke, the last of the criminal cases growing out of the inevitable "investigation" were quietly dismissed.

In a gallant and well-directed effort, the New York *Herald Tribune* has launched a fine series of articles on the demoralization that besets almost every phase of municipal affairs in "the greatest city in the world." It has done so, moreover, with a refreshingly frank acknowledgment of the chronic shortcomings of the big-city press in the handling of municipal news. The New York press, the *Herald Tribune* notes, "alternates between praising and panning the Mayor but, with few exceptions, limited by space and finances, offers little sustained, constructive criticism. One exception was a lengthy indictment in the magazine *Nation*, which documented a series of major city scandals. The article was thorough and hard-hitting when it appeared late in 1959. But in the long run, without the support of the city's other papers and magazines, it accomplished little. The same administration sits in City Hall, seemingly more secure than ever before, and, if the corruption and scandal are no longer as extensive or as obvious, the problems of the city are a great deal worse."

We wish the *Herald Tribune* well in a campaign we launched but could not finish. If it resolutely refuses to permit its attention to be diverted from the issues, it just might succeed, in this election year, in forcing a diagnosis of the municipal ills that time—the best friend of New York's superhumanly patient Mayor Wagner—will certainly not cure.

Ol' Massa Russell?

Bill Russell of the Boston Celtics is a great basketball player. However, that is not the sole basis of his present prosperity and future affluence.

Russell talked recently with a *Christian Science Monitor* reporter about a trip he made to Africa in 1956 to publicize basketball for the State Department. In Liberia—the Negro republic established with American aid as a refuge for American ex-slaves—the Secretary of Public Works showed the visiting athlete over his rubber plantation, saying that he had started it with $100 and was now a millionaire. Russell was so impressed that he bought 1,500 acres. Currently, he told the *Monitor* reporter, he employs 103 Liberian field hands, who earn 50c a day each, the going rate for such labor in Liberia.

That is (or these are) his "insurance policy for the day he finally retires." To sip juleps on the front porch of his Liberian mansion as he listens to the field hands singing after it is too dark to work?

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VIETNAM

Another Dienbienphu? . . . . . Isaac Deutscher

London, February 15

The shifts in Soviet foreign policy that have occurred since Khrushchev's downfall have been thrown into relief by the latest events in Vietnam, and they are bound to affect the future of that country. During the crisis in the Gulf of Tonkin last summer, Khrushchev was telling everyone who cared to listen that his government was not vitally interested in Southeast Asia; and R. A. Butler, Britain's Conservative Foreign Secretary, stated then on good authority, after a visit to Moscow, that the Russians were preparing to withdraw from that part of the world. The present crisis found Kosygin and a large Soviet delegation at Hanoi promising to step up military and economic assistance to North Vietnam. The Russians, it may thus be said, are back in Southeast Asia; and they acknowledge demonstratively their involvement in its affairs. En route, Kosygin stopped in Peking (the first time that a Soviet Prime Minister had been seen there since 1959) to inform Prime Minister Chou En-lai of the purpose of his journey to Vietnam.

Kosygin did not go to Hanoi just to persuade Ho Chi Minh and the Vietnamese Communists to attend the conference of the Communist Parties scheduled for Moscow in March. He knew that Vietnam could hardly be present at the conference if the Chinese were to boycott it; and, in any case, that issue looked rather remote and unreal amid rising gales of battle. The Soviet Premier went to Hanoi primarily to demonstrate his government's determination to have a decisive say in the fast approaching final act of the Vietnamese drama.

All reports reaching Moscow from Vietnam on the eve of his mission had spoken of the virtual collapse of the American military position in South Vietnam and of the approach of "another Dienbienphu." And indeed, most of the countryside of South Vietnam is under effective control of the Communist-led Vietcong guerrillas, who are quite able to blockade the shaky urban strongholds of the anti-Communist regime of the South. Thus far the Communists have refrained from cutting off the towns and cities; preferring to pour into them a ceaseless and highly effective propaganda, which isolates the ever-toppling and ever-changing anti-Communist governments in a moral vacuum. Instead of blockading the cities, the Vietcong guerrillas have concentrated on blockading the scattered American military bases, especially the American airfields. The Vietcong leaders are confident that by these tactics they will squeeze the Americans out and capture the whole of the South, without having to fight directly for the cities.

Macpherson, Toronto Star

These optimistic expectations are not shared by the Russians, perhaps not even by the Chinese. Nevertheless, both Moscow and Peking must reckon with the prospect of an "American Dienbienphu," which they may not wish to precipitate, the risks being obvious. Probably the North Vietnamese, too, especially the "moderate" Ho Chi Minh, would prefer the tempo in the South to be less hot. But the self-willed Vietcong guerrillas, assisted by the ineptness and stupidity of the Southern anti-Communists and their American protectors, are setting the tempo, in accordance with rapidly developing processes of social and military conflict. The Soviet governmental delegation went to Hanoi precisely to come to an agreement with Ho Chi Minh's government about how to deal with the collapse of the American position in the South and with possible American reactions.

The American bombing of Donghoi and other North Vietnamese targets during Kosygin's visit has not been seen in Moscow as pure coincidence. The Russians do not believe that the Americans were merely re-

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Isaac Deutscher is the author of many books on the USSR, among them The Great Contest: Russia and the West, *and a three-volume life of Trotsky (both Oxford University Press.)*

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Prospects in Vietnam . . . . . Frederick Kuh

The United States is in a period of doubt, confusion and danger concerning Vietnam. What are the prospects?

(1) The reaction to America's present program of air strikes may be so intense in other countries—in the United Nations, Britain, the USSR and France—that the United States will be forced by these third parties to come to a negotiating table either at the United Nations, at Geneva or elsewhere. There may be a strong call for a cease-fire and an attempt to get each side at least privately to indicate its basic conditions for negotiations. Britain has sent one of its responsible Foreign Office officials, George Thompson, to Moscow for talks with the Soviet Government.

(2) A massive Chinese intervention and a U.S. response could mean full-scale war in Southeast Asia. It would be a ground war because Chinese intervention would move rapidly from air to ground since its air power is not great.

This, it is believed, would force the United States into a ground response like Korea and would present it with grim decisions as to what weapons to use. Here again, third powers would try to bring about a cease-fire and negotiations, but this would be far more difficult once Chinese and U.S. ground forces were committed.

Chinese interventions could come in phases: First, air support in attacking U.S. aircraft and air strikes against South Vietnam; then the assignment of so-called volunteers to North Vietnam, freeing the North Vietnamese army to move south; finally, the Chinese themselves might move south with the North Vietnamese.

(3) South Vietnamese initiative could take the form either of a *coup d'état*, replacing the present government with a neutralist regime that would invite the United States to leave; or South Vietnamese private conversations with the Vietcong might arrange a settlement behind Uncle Sam's back and halt the war before it grows bigger.

Informed authorities regard this alternative as relatively unlikely at the moment, since the country is enjoying a temporary unity and euphoria as a result of the American air strikes against the North. However, it might come as a reaction to the second alternative—as the South Vietnamese became concerned about turning the whole country into a massive battlefield.

(4) This alternative—called "very unlikely" in Washington—would be for the United States to pull out under domestic, for instance, Congressional, pressure.

Two lines of development are going on simultaneously. One is intensification of U.S. strikes against the North, leading at some point to Chinese Communist intervention and more general warfare. The second is domestic and international pressure toward a negotiated solution. The key question is whether the pressure will bring negotiations before the Chinese intervene—that is, at what point will the United States be forced to stop its air strikes and sit down at the conference table?

Frederick Kuh is in the Washington Bureau of the Chicago Sun-Times.

taliating for Communist attacks on American bases. Such attacks, they point out, were the work of local guerrillas, not of the North Vietnamese; and they had been occurring quite frequently in recent months without provoking American raids across the 17th Parallel. The American action during the Kosygin visit was evidently meant to intimidate Moscow as much as Hanoi; it was presumably designed to force Moscow back to "Khrushchevite moderation" and to stir the Russo-Chinese conflict back into the open. If so, the Russians reply, the Americans have miscalculated.

On the face of it, the Americans appear to have already achieved part of their objective. In Peking, 1-to-2 million people demonstrated in the streets against the United States; in Moscow only 1,000 to 2,000 students, mostly Vietnamese, Koreans and perhaps Chinese were allowed to stage a protest outside the American Embassy. In China solidarity with Communist Vietnam brings a vast and turbulent national emotion into play; in Russia the issue evokes little or no popular response. The Russians would like to avoid a situation in which the Americans were left with the single choice of surrendering in humiliation or spreading the war. And so Kosygin not only promised more help to Hanoi but also proposed ways by which the coming disaster might be softened somewhat for the Americans. This was, after all, what both the Russians and the Chinese had done for the French at the Geneva Conference of 1954. In other words, Kosygin and Ho Chi Minh were to find out whether, in case of a complete triumph by the Vietcong, it might still be possible to create conditions enabling the Americans to withdraw without complete loss of face.

The Russian proposals for a settlement over South Vietnam can be summed up in the following points:

1. The National Liberation Front, the political organization of the Vietcong, is to form the future government of South Vietnam. Meanwhile, it is to be widened into some sort of Popular Front. Even now the organization, in which the Communists predominate, includes various Buddhist and quasi-liberal groupings, but its membership is to be enlarged still further to provide the framework for a "respectable" governmental coalition.

2. The National Liberation Front is to set up an administration "independent of the government of North Vietnam." Saigon and Hanoi are to remain the capitals of two separate states (despite the fact that Communist propaganda has until now clamored for the unification of the whole of Vietnam).

3. South Vietnam is to remain militarily neutral and to avoid any alliances.

4. The formation of the new regime is not to be made dependent on prior military withdrawal by the Americans, although the liquidation of all American bases must necessarily follow. The new government is to see to it that the Americans should be able to withdraw "in a friendly atmosphere, not under openly hostile pressure."

5. During the period of transition, the Communists of Vietnam, Laos and neighboring countries are to "exercise restraint and prudence"

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so as not to give anti-Communists an excuse for the outcry that "communism is sweeping across the whole of Southeast Asia." The Communists should, for the time being, content themselves with a limited but very real gain, for there is no doubt that the new regime in the South would bring near the unification of the whole of Vietnam under Communist rule.

The Russians have, without the slightest doubt, persuaded Ho Chi Minh to accept this scheme. The Chinese, as far as one can judge, seem also prepared to cooperate; or at least not to interfere with, the implementation of this plan. But they doubt its feasibility. Peking holds that the Americans will not agree to withdraw without first trying to carry the war to the North. Whatever form this attempt takes, it is said in Peking, Russia and China must be prepared to counter it. While sporadic air raids north of the 17th Parallel do not require Chinese or Russian intervention, a more systematic and massive American action would be met by the Chinese as General MacArthur's armies were met north of the 38th Parallel in Korea. Chinese "volunteers" would fight side by side with the Vietnamese; and the Chinese would expect from the Russians the munitions, the aircraft and the moral-political support they supplied on that occasion.

Moscow sees no need to prepare for so grave a contingency. It holds that the Americans are not in a position to cross into North Vietnam, that the most they can do is to intensify naval and air attacks. To meet this threat the Russians have undertaken to expand North Vietnam's air force and to equip generously its anti-air defenses with powerful missiles. The Russian willingness to go that far provides the basis for a certain *rapprochement* with the Chinese.

On the whole, both the Chinese and the Russians are aware that they are playing from strength. Neither of them believes that the fighting in Vietnam will escalate into a nuclear war, and in conventional warfare American inferiority is so marked that the Pentagon has little, if any, scope for effective action. Both Kosygin and Chou En-lai expect that when the tension reaches breaking point the Americans will be forced to renegotiate a settlement. But the Russians would like to delay the final showdown, if only because they have not yet settled the succession to the Khrushchev regime, and are unready to face an international crisis.

Should such a crisis nevertheless develop soon, the Soviet Presidium would prefer to cope with it in multilateral negotiations, along the lines of the 1954 Geneva Conference, rather than by a bilateral Russo-American arrangement similar to the Khrushchev-Kennedy deal over Cuba. The hot line between the White House and the Kremlin is, for the time being, out of action. This fact soothes the Chinese who bitterly resented Khrushchev's personal diplomacy. Both Moscow and Peking, therefore, have responded favorably to President de Gaulle's proposal for a big summit meeting in which China would participate. Somewhat ironically, de Gaulle has helped throw a bridge, admittedly still narrow and fragile, across the gulf between the two Communist powers. But the main architects of that bridge are to be found in Washington, and notably in the Pentagon.

STEELWORKERS VOTE

Prelude to the Strike . . . . . B. J. Widick

Detroit

No matter what the outcome of the United Steelworkers election between incumbent David J. McDonald and challenger I. W. Abel for presidency of the union—and the current results are likely to be challenged in court—three general developments promise a troublesome period ahead in this basic industry.

The split in leadership reflected in the very close vote indicates a paralysis at the top of the hierarchy. Maneuvering for position, consolidating gains, and attempting to break the close executive board division of 17 to 16, the regional directors will tend to focus much attention on internal union administration matters. Even the loyalty of union staff organization is badly divided, as is shown by its vote of 131 for McDonald to 108 for Abel.

A disruption of collective bargaining is almost inevitable, given this internal situation and the long-established tendency of the industry to favor McDonald (in recent weeks, business magazines once again carried stories that the industry hoped McDonald would win; this declaration from the common "enemy" aided Abel's campaign).

The combination of promises made by both sides during the election campaign and the customary determination of the industry to hold the line on wages while raising prices selectively sets labor and management on a collision course, and makes a steel strike this year probable.

These and other repercussions will have widespread impact on other unions, and on collective bargaining, throughout the predictable future.

At present, there is little indication that the factional struggle in the steel union has approached the stage of self-destructiveness that characterizes the bitter dispute between the factions of James B. Carey and Paul Jennings in the International Union of Electrical Workers. (Walter Reuther's recent suggestion that the IUE merge with the UAW is as much an attempt to save a union from falling to pieces as it is an attempt to increase the power of the auto workers' union president in the AFL-CIO.) But the current campaign in steel is scarring the union and the union movement, for the vitriol that the opponents in steel have been pouring on each other makes labor's angry if friendly critics seem bland by comparison.

McDonald's supporters have slyly compared the Abel campaign to

B. J. Widick, a frequent Nation *contributor on labor problems, is the author of* Labor Today (*Houghton Mifflin*).

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that of Barry Goldwater. The Abel forces kept talking about the high living of McDonald; they quoted gossip columnist Earl Wilson's assertion that McDonald had been seen with Zsa Zsa Gabor at a New York night club during the 1959 steel strike. McDonald's defense was not entirely effective: he had not been with Mlle. Gabor, just at the next table. One of Abel's themes was: "I can't spend all my time in night clubs."

And as though the court challenge of the IUE election between Carey and Jennings hadn't done enough to embarrass the apologists for trade union bureaucracy, the revelation of what constitutes a well-run election in the steel union has again turned the spotlight on the sensitive area of union democracy. It may be recalled that in 1957, when he ran against McDonald and officially received about one-third of the vote, Donald C. Rerick expressed doubt as to the accuracy of the tally. There is some irony, then, in the fact that at a recent meeting of the union executive board, President McDonald demanded outside election supervision of the sort he had refused when Rerick asked for it. The executive board again turned down the proposal, this time by a vote of 741 to 641.

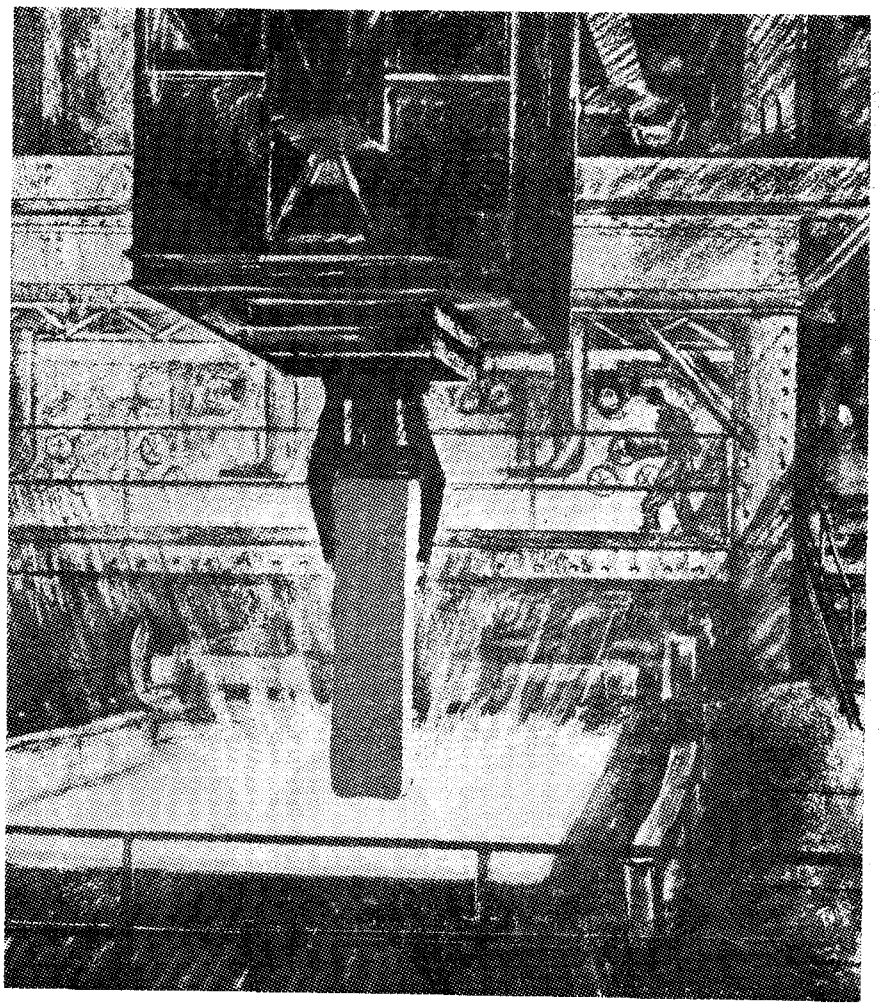
The steelworkers' voting procedures are worth describing. A printing firm sends to each local more than enough ballots to cover the membership, the overage being presumably to replace spoiled ballots. Ballots in the past were not numbered. Voters identify themselves by badge and union card at the local polling place, and at the end of the day the ballots are counted and entered on a tally sheet which is mailed to Pittsburgh. At Pittsburgh, the Honest Ballot Association supervises the final tally. Many people assume that the Honest Ballot Association sets up an entire election machinery, but in fact it is a one-man operation run by George Abrams from New York City. Recently, he was quoted as saying: "When I get to Pittsburgh, I'll hire six comptometer operators to do the tabulating. I'll expect a lot of protest. This time it is an all-out fight."

This relaxed procedure has caused a knowledgeable labor expert in Pittsburgh, Msgr. Charles Owen Rice, to state in the *Pittsburgh Catholic* that "between the time the ballots are mailed out [from printer to local union] and their return to the national office [where the Honest Ballot Association takes over], a lot may happen to them."

Commentators who view the current election in the steel union as primarily a struggle for power miss the point. It is true that control of the union is at stake, but Abel and his team did not decide to eliminate Mr. McDonald because they wanted more power. Rather, there has been such an upsurge of antagonism against the union bureaucracy that an explosion was inevitable. Joseph A. Germano, director of the largest steel union district, admitted as much when he declared: "If Abel hadn't announced, someone else with lesser qualifications almost certainly would have run." The entry of Abel as spokesman for rank-and-file policy control has the effect of making McDonald the scapegoat for the mistakes and inadequacies of the entire leadership. Abel's stated preference for trade unionism over tuxedo unionism showed his understanding of the undercurrents of unrest in the steel union, as did his promise to return bargaining to the local unions. When the industry and the union made the mistake of changing the valuable Human Relations Committee from a study group into a collective bargaining unit, a short-term gain was made—a peaceful settlement did occur in 1961—but this action distorted the original purpose of the committee and made it a focus for opposition within the union.

Labor leaders in general are not made happy by the triumph of a faction that argues for trade unionism in an age when tuxedos have become standard apparel for the top hierarchy. *The Wall Street Journal* reported accurately the uneasiness of many Washington-based labor officials lest the unrest spread to other major unions.

What this signifies in terms of coming steel negotiations problems was outlined recently by Walter Campbell, editor of *Steel* magazine:



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. . . the surge on the part of the Abel forces stems from the belief of local union officers that the national leadership has become too far removed from the rank and file.

The challengers are seeking to win over the membership with large promises. The challenged react by promising still more.

The dangers to industry are easy to see.

First will be a demand for substantial economic packages. If granted, they could set back this country's drive to regain competitive price status in world markets.

Second will be future demands, the cost of which could be astronomical.

Third will be bargaining on local work rules and conditions. Not only could the results of that bargaining negate industry's vast and rising investment in modernization and efficiency, but it could also repeat that anomaly of the auto settlement: Settle first, strike later.

The acrimonious exchange between McDonald and Abel supporters, after negotiations between the can industry and the steel union were broken off a month ago, was a foretaste of the difficulties coming up at the steel bargaining table. Of course, if the steel industry had a record of intelligent labor relations policy, and if federal intervention had not been so damaging in recent contract negotiations, these stormy waters could be somewhat quieted. But as things stand, a smooth sail is most unlikely. Public statements by steel industry spokesmen indicate that the industry is most eager to keep any wage package within the 3.2 guideline figure of the federal government. However, by instituting selective steel price increases and by demanding greater profit in proportion to capital invested, the industry shows that it is uninterested in living up to its side of the bargain by subscribing to a pricing-restraint policy. Abel expects to blow the lid off the wage-restraint policy proposed by President Johnson's economic advisers: "We say the 3.2 per cent wage-fringe benefit guidelines imposed by President Kennedy's economic advisers in 1962 and again enunciated in 1963-64 are insufficient." Abel added that the 481,000 union members who man the basic steel mills and the 519,000 employed in the can, aluminum and steel fabricating industries want an "earlier retirement program like Walter P. Reuther's auto workers got." The UAW settlements in the auto industry were estimated by Reuther as equivalent to 54c an hour over three years.

Abel emphasized the need for higher pensions equivalent to what the auto industry won, better working conditions and other benefits. "The steelworkers have not received a wage increase since 1961, and many people have forgotten we gave up the cost-of-living escalator wage increase in 1959."

Since the Johnson Administration did not impose its guidelines on the auto industry and the UAW in the fall of 1964, both labor and management in steel can argue plausibly that government pressure in this situation is discriminatory against one industry and one union.

The collision of all these factors in the forthcoming steel negotiations suggests that a strike in one form or another is inevitable, though not necessarily in May when major contracts expire (a strike deadline can be postponed in half a dozen ways). The fact that steel inventories are piling up—that the auto industry, for example, has announced it expects to have a better-than-two-month inventory by May—is evidence that major industrial circles expect a strike.

There have been five major steel strikes since the end of World War II: 1946 (26 days), 1949 (45 days), 1952 (59 days), 1956 (36 days) and 1959 (116 days). Before the entire nation becomes excited about the threat of still another steel strike, it would be wise to recall the conclusions reached in the Livernash report published by the United States Department of Labor in January, 1961, when Republican James P. Mitchell was Secretary:

Although there have been rather frequent strikes in basic steel which pose problems with regard to labor relations and Government intervention, a very important related consideration is whether the economy can stand strikes in steel. It is our opinion that the economic impact of strikes on the economy are usually seriously exaggerated. Too often the losses of production, employment, and wages are evaluated in a context which assumes that there would have been continuous high-level operation had there been no strike. Such losses, as noted previously, if they are to be placed in a realistic focus, must be weighted over a time span that encompasses a period prior to the strike, the period of the strike, and a period long enough following the strike to permit restoration of inventory. The secondary effects of strikes must be evaluated in a context which recognizes the extent to which industry is subject to seasonal and cyclical forces, the fact that American industry generally operates well below capacity and the fact of inventory accumulation at several stages beyond basic steel itself. Viewed in this perspective most strikes can last much longer (even in an industry as basic as steel) than is generally believed before the economy will be seriously hurt. History in steel indicates that once strikes really begin to be seriously felt over wide segments of the economy, pressure from those affected will in most instances bring about a settlement.

Since McDonald epitomizes the success story of labor statesmanship, the challenge to his rule is a blow to the self-image of labor leaders generally. It points up, as did last fall's auto strikes, the need for top union men to give more heed to the mood and desires of the men they represent. Collective bargaining gimmicks, even if dressed up as "creative collective bargaining," or "new innovations," are not likely to appease the appetite of an increasing number of unionists who want a full share of the American affluence they have been told about. Labor relations men must increasingly look beyond and below the men who come to the bargaining sessions to see if their demands are those of the ranks, or merely embody the ambitions of the bureaucrats themselves.

The theory of accommodation in labor relations between unions and corporations badly needs an amendment: it must become more clearly an accommodation to the men and women in the shops, for that is what collective bargaining is really supposed to be about.

The inability of direct government intervention to settle satisfactorily either the long Detroit newspaper strike last summer, or the recent longshoremen's strike, suggests that federal officials ought also to read the Livernash report again, and be prepared to let the workers and the companies settle the steel issues between them. They are the ones who have to live with the new contract, no matter how long it takes to make or what form it develops.

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EDUCATIONAL TV

The Timid Crusaders . . . . . Richard M. Elman

The typical educational television viewer is a white-collar worker with an above-average income and a college education. In the active "middle years" age group, he reads a good deal, is an influential member of his community. While the culturally deprived continue to watch commercial television at a rate of some 30 to 40 million homes for an average of five to six hours per evening, perhaps 3 million ETV viewers tune to one of the ninety educational stations at least once a week for more than an hour; and as many as 52 million additional viewers—according to Wilbur Schramm of Stanford University—may occasionally switch their dials in boredom to ETV. But there is no indication that this wider audience has become habituated to ETV. In a sophisticated seven-station VHF market like New York, educational television station WNDT, which is listed by the commercial rating services in the category "other," is given less than 1 per cent of the audience for most time slots, although occasional programs have done somewhat better. If, then, the primary appeal of educational television in its first decade has been to those who are already well educated, one wonders why it must utilize valuable public facilities to reach these so-called influentials. ETV backers never admit the redundancy of their mission. From the start, they have put themselves before the public as missionaries among the yahoos.

"No one can force the American people to watch better television," a recent pamphlet published by National Educational Television condescendingly points out.

> *They must want to watch it. . . . There are undoubtedly millions of persons in this country who are very much ready for and eagerly await this better television. There are also millions on whom all of it will surely be lost. And then there is the group in between, by far the largest of the three. They in this largest group are the people who perhaps have had one small, brief taste of the finest and remember it vaguely or not at all; or they are the people who have scarcely had the chance to develop in themselves an alertness to the real world about them, a sensitivity to the beauty of that world, or a clear knowledge of what man has been, is, and can be—what he must be if he is to save himself. Few by few, through accidental or intentional exposure, they will come to realize that the "finest" is indeed the best. And slowly, great doors will open for them.*

> "These are the basic criteria for the conception and production of N.E.T.'s public affairs programming: (1) the program must be *significant;* (2) it must *probe deeply;* (3) it must provide a *stimulus to action,* direct or indirect, immediate or delayed; and (4) it must contribute, in the long run, toward a *cumulative effect.*"
>
> *From an N.E.T. "Guideline For Staff Planning," dated November, 1964*

Immodest as these words may sound, they are characteristic of the propaganda put forward by N.E.T., which has almost a monopoly on the dissemination of educational programs in the United States. N.E.T. has long abandoned its interest in strictly instructional material; it now attempts to provide cultural, informational and children's programs in the public interest, but with a heavy stress on the systematic treatment of subject matter and the use of supplemental reader and audio-visual material. For ten years, the president and prime mover of N.E.T. has been Jack White, a former Midwest college dean. White is theoretically responsible to a board of directors composed of school superintendents, corporation presidents and college presidents, but the board fills mostly a public relations function. White's chief responsibility is to the Ford Foundation which subsidized and created N.E.T., chose White as its executive, and reserves the right to inspect every N.E.T. program produced with Ford Foundation money.

At present Ford's $6 million annual grant allows N.E.T. to produce five hours of quality programing a week. N.E.T. also solicits funds from other private foundations, large corporations, the Atomic Energy Commission and the National Institutes of Mental Health. The individual stations affiliated with N.E.T. may also receive grants from such sources, as well as grants from Ford and construction grants from the federal government. The net result is an interlocking directorate of powerful interest groups beholden to one another to preserve a common enterprise. The affiliates meet frequently under N.E.T. auspices, at which times programing decisions are made, and more or less binding policies are set forth. Almost the only person not directly consulted is the viewer. Program suggestions from the public are answered by return mail with a form letter enclosing a release of rights form. Unlike the commercial networks which must constantly check their ratings, N.E.T. feels no obligation to reflect the public's concern. It believes it knows what is significant to the American people.

In the special world of ETV where—as one official told me—"we don't have any gritty, gutty intellectuals making the decisions because that's not what they're good for," if you lack a firm opinion about something you hire a consultant to advise you, and if you disagree with him you find a second consultant, and a third, and a fourth, and a fifth. But these consultants, whatever their other qualifications, do not operate in a spirit of free inquiry. If you are doing a program about education, your consultant will come from the educational lobby; if it's a program about South Vietnam, he will be a State Department adviser. If you intend to criticize a given institution, you first consult the institution to see if it objects to being criticized. As Jack White put the matter in a private interview: "If this network ever forgoes the responsibility to remain free, we had better get out of business, but that doesn't mean you

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Richard M. Elman was director of public affairs and drama and literature for WBAI, the New York outlet of the Pacifica Foundation, before being employed as a contract writer for an N.E.T. series. Mr. Elman is currently a research associate at the Columbia University School of Social Work. He is the author of Coat for the Tsar *(University of Texas Press).*

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have to be a damn fool. In programing it's judgment and taste which count. It has nothing to do with courage. The way to succeed is to get substantial people who will fight for freedom. But you must have responsible people with judgment who won't bring something from out of left field."

N.E.T.'s insistence on playing it safe by using "substantial people" can have comic side effects. After finally negotiating an expensive contract with AFTRA, the performer's union, all that N.E.T. could find of interest in the contemporary dramatic repertory for its first production was British playwright Christopher Frye's religious potboiler, *A Sleep of Prisoners*. N.E.T. and individual ETV stations receive many grants from commercial companies in return for a ten-second acknowledgment or noncommercial commercial. Recently, when a talented young producer was making a videotape pilot for a series, he was told by his superiors: "Make this one good: It's for the client." Which, in this case, was a large fuel oil company.

If an ETV viewer had been asked in the weeks prior to the Republican Convention to name, on the basis of his ETV experience, the probable Republican nominee, it is unlikely that he would have named Sen. Barry Goldwater. N.E.T.'s consultants, paid equally by Ford and N.E.T., did not approve of the Arizona Senator. Beginning last June 16, N.E.T's primer on the campaign, *Of People and Politics*, broadcast in twenty half-hour chapters at a cost of approximately $500,000, stridently declared that the American voter was not ideological, that the difference between Democrats and Republicans was chiefly a matter of inheritance, and that the nomination of a Goldwater by the Republicans would serve only as "a gratification of the death wish." But whether or not this may have been an apt psychological diagnosis of the Republican Party, the fact remains that two weeks later in San Francisco the death wish was quickly and vociferously gratified.

A subsequent program in this same series used *cinema vérité* techniques to follow a pre-selected delegate from the state of Wisconsin to the Republican Convention. He was a Scranton man, chosen because he was a good friend of one of the consultants. This installment went on

the air a few weeks after the Cow Palace *Putsch*, and gave one the impression that N.E.T. had somehow missed the news. The nice smiling delegate from Wisconsin, who was shown taking lunch with his apple-cheeked family at The Top of the Mark, was such an idealized image of the 1964 Republican *fonctionnaire* that he proved to be supremely irrelevant. The Establishment had been crossed up by Goldwater's nomination, and so had its mouthpiece—N.E.T.

But speaking for the Establishment—although it might limit N.E.T.'s ability to reach people, to be effective, or veracious—is at least an intellectually respectable position. It could perhaps be maintained with the same degree of seriousness (and in approximately the same manner) as, for example, a racing tout's devotion to the horses, were it not for the fact that N.E.T.—conscious that political influence made its creation possible in 1954 when the FCC was pressured into freezing a number of valuable UHF and VHF channels for educational purposes—is also responsible to many less respectable establishments on the local and state levels. These are the old gray nags of the American social scene, "the pork chop" gang that controls the state legislature in Florida, the back room boys in Texas.

Five N.E.T. affiliated stations in Alabama are maintained and operated as a network by the administration of Gov. George Wallace. In Florida, the statute creating ETV facilities prohibits any station, under penalty of one year in prison and a $5,000 fine, from "advocating or opposing any specific program, existing or proposed, of any governmental action which shall include, but shall not be limited to, constitutional amendments." N.E.T. is only as potent as its affiliates are free to show what it produces, and the St. Petersburg-Tampa ETV station is effectively pre-screened by a citizens' committee that looks for objectionable network material. N.E.T. may produce numerous programs about the legalities of integration but they are unlikely to be heard in the South. Last December, the Alabama affiliates were carrying a series on communism and another on Americanism, neither of which had apparently been produced by N.E.T. While the riots and church bombings were taking place in Birmingham during the week of May 10, 1963, the N.E.T. affiliate operated by the University of Georgia was offering a series entitled "The Growing South." That week's installment featured *Freezing Fish and Seafood*, with Nellie Thrash.

Even outside the South the N.E.T. programer is apt to meet resistance to his humanistic ideals from local school boards and citizens' groups that can apply severe pressure on state ETV authorities. Since N.E.T. likes to see its programs aired, it usually is responsive to the taste of the lowest common denominator among its affiliates. Thus, film critic Stanley Kauffmann's adventurous weekly program, *The Art of Film*, produced by WNDT in New York, is not seen on the network because, as one official explained it, it didn't seem particularly "educational." When I went to film a sequence for an N.E.T. documentary in Nebraska, I was greeted by members of the local educational establishment to whom the word

> "Television appearances scheduled for me to discuss Truth-in-Packaging have been canceled. Off the record, I was told advertisers had objected. Matter-of-fact, as I was preparing this talk, our office received a call from an educational television station which is considering a series aimed at informing consumers on how to buy wisely. The station man was somewhat interested in background of T-in-P. But he was more interested in what strength—and shape—the opposition took. 'Frankly,' he said, 'we are not yet sure we can survive such a series.' As he explained, educational television may not have to depend directly on advertisers for financial life. But the largest contributors to the foundations which do feed their money to them are the major industries."
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> *Senator Philip A. Hart, speaking to the Cooperative League of the U.S.A.*, Consumers Reports, *January, 1965*

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Ford Foundation was synonymous with "subversive." I was also given advice by these people on who in town was politically and socially reliable and who was not. When I seemed uninterested in such advice for very practical reasons of scheduling, the word was plowed back to the New York office.

That particular program was not intended to be controversial even by N.E.T.'s limited definition of the word. The latest and most ambitious N.E.T. affiliate is a UHF operation in Los Angeles where a similar UHF operation failed about a decade ago. When the new station presented a tired but generally virtuous lecture about the radical Right by former network newsman Cecil Brown, it was flooded by protesting letters and phone calls. The N.E.T. directorate was consulted and seriously considered trying to abate pressure from local citizens' groups by offering some of the know-nothings equal time.

The same pressures are often felt in the area of culture. Earlier this year, an N.E.T. crew that had been sent into Northern California to videotape some installments for a series entitled "Pathfinders," with critic Benjamin DeMott as host, was chased away from an AEC installation when DeMott began to ask pointed questions about the bomb for a biographical portrait of cyclotron inventor Ernest O. Lawrence, The feeling at N.E.T. was that DeMott's questions had been "irresponsible." This same series, by the way, hailed Connie Mack as a significant American figure; and the N.E.T. directorate was offended when DeMott chose to introduce a program on Benjamin Franklin with some pertinent quotes from D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature*.

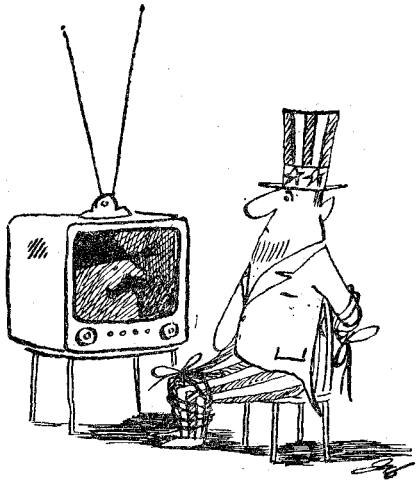
Again, in Southern California, a crew from "Of People and Politics," of which I was a member, was sent by its expert consultants to survey the political affiliations of citizens in two California towns—one of which was 3-to-1 Democratic in its voting pattern, the other 3-to-1 Republican. The film interviews were intended for a documentary about the behavior of the American electorate, but the consultants felt it was extremely important not to ask "psychological questions." A whole week was spent arguing about what questions might be asked, and this was the set finally agreed upon:

1. Are you a Democrat, Republican or Independent?
2. Why?
3. How did your parents vote?
4. How long have you lived in (name of town)?
5. How long have you lived in California?

When it was discovered that the Democratic town was at least 50 per cent non-white, the producer also instructed his crew to "shoot around the Negroes." He was later reprimanded for this injunction, but the basic reasoning was accepted: a program about the electorate should not be about Negroes. N.E.T. later proved the reverse of the proposition was also valid when it produced a program about the Negro voter which, unfortunately, treated him as if he were not also a part of the electorate.

Incidents such as these differ in quality from the usual varieties of censorship one finds on the commercial networks, where it is well understood by all concerned that specific interests are at stake and that the freedom to be frank may be circumscribed by those interests. N.E.T. tells its producers to be "free" but "responsible." It believes itself to be subservient to nobody, but it could nevertheless carry on each "Of People and Politics" installment the subtitle, "21 programs on the ways Americans perpetuate the system under which they live." It could do so without feeling the implications because the statement reflects the N.E.T. ethos.

But if the men at N.E.T. are more responsible than they are free, they are also less intelligent, less sophisticated, and indeed much less courageous than their commercial colleagues. The N.E.T. operation is small by commercial standards. Because the Ford Foundation grant does not cover the acquisition of technical staff or equipment, all N.E.T. programs are to this day farmed out to expensive jobbers, including one owned until recently by an N.E.T. producer. At the network's plush headquarters at 10 Columbus Circle in New York, there is not even a movieola. Until recently, broken film-sprocket perforations were spliced together with ordinary Scotch tape.



This lack of professionalism infects the programing: nobody yet has tracked down how N.E.T. program decisions are made. One hears a great deal about consultants and about mysterious committees of experts that meet to decide why N.E.T. should pitch a series on great foreign-policy decisions rather than one on the history of socialism, but when one then tries to pin down N.E.T. people on the exact process, it usually comes to a case of one hand in the Establishment washing the other. As a former employee told me: "Jack White is a dilettante with a lot of powerful friends. If he meets one of these friends at a cocktail party, who happens to have another friend who plays the piccolo, it's very likely there will be a piccolo concert on N.E.T. in the next few months."

In 1964, under Ford Foundation pressure, N.E.T. abandoned its earlier policy of giving production control to private packagers or to affiliated stations (some of which had shown a spark of talent and initiative), in the interest of creating programs that would have a mass-audience appeal because they would be produced by veterans of commercial television. Although White has since been reported as describing these people to one of his former associates as "commercial scum," he must at first have been enthralled by the possibility. As it was envisaged at staff meetings, the commercial producers would function as technicians, while the consultants and, persumably, White with his wide circle of friends, would supply the ideas and content. But the results were unfortunate, a kind of institutional schizophrenia that was reflected in the material produced. Few of the really talented professional people were willing to trade the large fees and relative freedoms of their commercial berths

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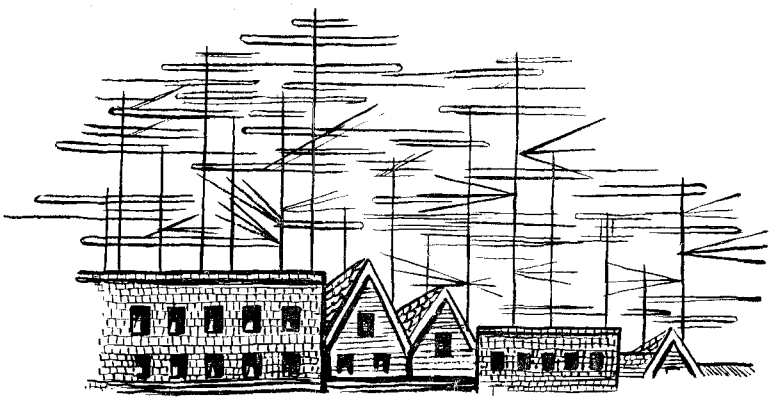

for the uncertainties of N.E.T. Of those who were hired away from the networks, many understood the problem as one of how to be slick with other people's material, but they could not always understand or judge the material, and they were usually slick about nothing. They tried to apply the formula of *Dragnet* to the politics of Jefferson* or —equally sad to behold—feeling that they no longer had to prostitute themselves, they followed their own inclinations and discovered that they had always been whores.

If N.E.T. has survived such a disaster, it is probably because so few people are watching it. One prominent board member has confessed that he wouldn't watch ETV but, he said, "it must be good for somebody." If it is, N.E.T. has yet to discover who that somebody is. After the consultant-technician fiasco, the director of N.E.T. produced the staff guideline quoted on page 217. Now the remnant of N.E.T.'s highly paid commercial hirelings were to hold regular meetings among themselves to decide what was significant and what was not, to choose the major themes which they would treat comprehensively, i.e., American Art, American Values, or Conservation of Natural Resources. Now, too, they were enjoined to ask themselves a series of questions—a kind of catechism based on the goals of excellence cited above—bearing in mind, of course, that *"Form is important, but content is foremost."*

Significantly, N.E.T. has already been quick to violate its own pedantries. Its proudest achievement of the past year was an anniversary program on the death of John F. Kennedy entitled *An Essay on Death* which ran seventy-seven minutes long because the producer, after working a full year on his creation, felt it could not be cut without doing it great injury.

This program could have been cut to the bone, for it was almost without content. It told us nothing about President Kennedy or his death. It managed to mix the poetry of Theodore Roethke and Robert Nathan indiscriminately. If anything, it was pretty to look at—thanks to some imaginative photographic work by Leo Hurwich and still photographer Gert Berliner—but it was an immense, embarrassing white elephant of sensibility without sense — mawkish, obscurantist *Kitsch*. Kennedy's death was, I suppose, meant to seem symbolic of Everyman's dying which, of course, it was not, just as Kennedy surely was not Everyman. "I am not dead. I have only become inhuman," the voice of Christopher Plummer or Morris Carnovsky announced from off screen. Or another, perhaps that of Helen Gahagan Douglas, suddenly declared: "Now I am part of the beauty." I was reminded of those fringed banners imprinted with what purported to be a message from heaven in verse to John John and little Caroline, that were sold in some corner drugstores shortly after the assassination.

The worst aspect of *An Essay on Death* was its violation of the television medium: It was boring, hard to watch, impossible to listen to because of the long pauses. Television has a unique ability to reveal fraudulence, and this was fraud on a grand scale. Because it was billed as culture, it did not, apparently, feel the need to be cogent or informational. By the same reasoning, I suppose, a public-affairs program need not strive to be art. Such reasoning, although common enough in television, is especially objectionable when encountered in the context of education. If N.E.T. is opposed to some forms of extremist behavior, it does not seem to be opposed to extremes of Philistinism.

But it is precisely such thinking at the very highest levels of the organization that allows such weak tea to be served to the public by this Establishment trust. The results are far more pernicious than they may appear on the surface. N.E.T.'s evasions are precisely the evasions of commercial television, only they are less well focused. A candid biographical study of the late President would have been a significant contribution by educational television. It could have been respectful but honest. But, with its ties to the Establishment, this was obviously not the program N.E.T. felt obliged to produce. It was content to inform the putatively unwashed in its audience that Kennedy was symbolic of "potentiality," an example of the "youthful thrust." The networks were much less pretentious. They showed us newsreels of the late President and other newsreels of November 22, 1963, and allowed us to decide what he was according to our intelligence and perceptions.

Whenever criticism is made of N.E.T.'s programing ineptitudes, the flack flies back in the critic's face. He is told that N.E.T. distributes programs from the B.B.C. which would be unavailable in America, but he is not told that truly controversial programs, such as the B.B.C. series on the First World War, were not shown on N.E.T. The critic of N.E.T. is also informed that there is, after all, very little money for educational television. That is generally true, but the situation is not as grim as it seems. N.E.T. would have us believe—according to some recent figures cited by FCC Chairman E. William Henry—that it spends only $19,000 for each hour of network programing, as compared with a commercial network average of $125,000. From my experience this is probably not so. The average cost per program of the series I worked on was more than $20,000 a half hour. Some N.E.T. talk programs do cost less than $19,000, but many are budgeted in the neighborhood of

*At N.E.T. all documentaries once began with a tease. In commercial television the teaser opening is used to hold people for the commercial message that follows hard upon it. The chief justification given for the use of the tease at N.E.T. was that it was used on commercial television.

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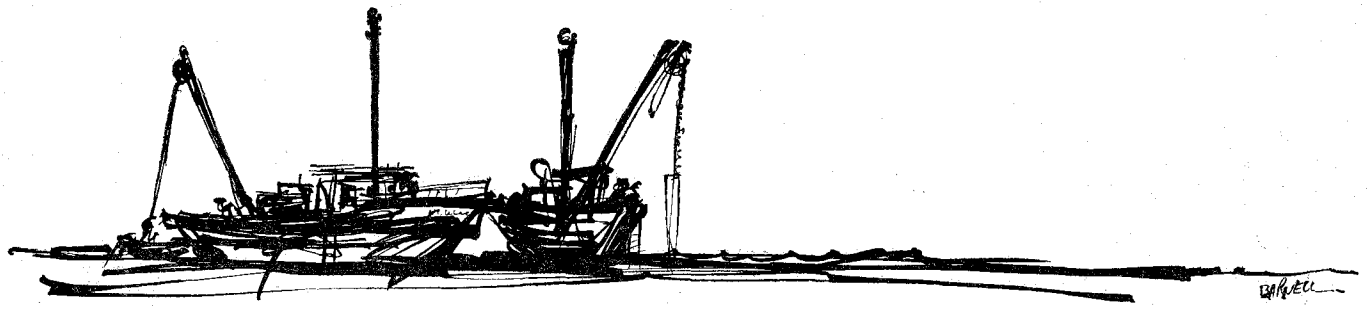
$60,000 to $80,000 and, thanks to various administrative inefficiencies, usually run well over their budgets. Chairman Henry may believe that N.E.T. is "a boot strap tied to a shoestring," but there seems to be no correlation between the money N.E.T. spends on a program and the quality of that program.

The problem is that N.E.T. is talking to a wall. It makes no impact. No massive infusions of money from commercial television, as Henry suggested, or from the general public, are likely to change that condition unless there is also a change in aspirations, in leadership, in talent. N.E.T. needs a new attitude and direction. It must find a massive base of support by providing the kind of service the public needs; and it must be willing to suffer the consequences of its actions. Such a service cannot be administered from the top down; it must be a form of journalism, not mere pedagogy; it must be conscious of the tensions in its audience, responsive to the communities in which it functions—it must be "infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient and yet plastic and inflammable and determinable," to quote Henry James. Most important of all, it should not be a plaything for the middle-class consumer of culture, but an instrument for social change, human involvement and individual betterment. It must criticize the established order, not rush to join its ranks; and it must constantly provoke and agitate, using first-rate minds as producers as well as consultants, for only then will it have a chance to educate. Will this ever be possible if ETV continues to be an extension of the FCC, the State Department and the Great Books Program?

It strikes me as intolerable that we are prepared to allow the formation of one gigantic monopoly in educational television when we would be rightfully terrified if such a consolidation were to take place among the commercial networks. In the next ten years, the N.E.T. apparatus may encompass as many as 200 stations, capable of reaching nearly every potential American viewer. There is talk that these stations will be interconnected. Many will be constructed with the aid of local legislatures eager to cut back on expensive teaching staffs, but their chief function will be adult programing. What will these broadcasts be like? As yet, there is no responsible criticism of educational programing. Grown lazy and fat from feeding off the Ford Foundation, which wishes to improve television but has no other outlet on which to expend its resources, N.E.T. will presumably function as a domestic version of "The Voice of America." Some new stations may wisely decide not to affiliate, but how will they find support? The answer may be that if the Establishment has its teeth in N.E.T., the television audience still does not. And they are, after all, the very people for whom our present system of educational television was created.

Florida's 'Lucky' Treasure Hunt . . . Robert G. Sherrill



Miami, Fla.

"Strange things are done/Neath the midnight sun," wrote Robert Service, laureate of the Yukon gold rush, and if we could only find a replacement for "midnight," that description would fit the Great Treasure Hunt now going on in Florida, and neighboring, waters.

Aside from the burlesque inherent in some of this hunting, the Florida state officials who are "regulating" the portion of it that comes under their jurisdiction show enough buffoonery, if not tragic bungling, to entertain a jaded nation. I say "tragic" because some people believe that artifacts and rare historical memorabilia should be preserved in museums. Florida officials, in a vague way, share this belief—but not if it conflicts with private profit.

The treasure skit is currently playing at two locations: near Ft. Pierce, Fla. (or, to place it by a more widely known landmark, near Cape Kennedy) and just off the Grand Bahama Island. At the latter site, four Miami skin divers claim to have found $9 million in 17th-century silver coins, a pleasant story which they promptly sold to *Look*.

The $9 million "find" has thus far aroused little awe and considerable skepticism — perhaps because the skin divers who say the treasure does too exist are employed by a luxurious Bahama hotel, and their discovery was conveniently made within a short walk and swim of the hotel. The second cause of skepticism may be a piratical "raid" on the exploratory site. Clarence Jones, the only mainland reporter to go over there and leave his adjectives behind, noted that the "fight" between the defending skin divers and the two raiders, both local characters, "was announced about eighteen hours in advance, and took place shortly after noon, when there was optimum sunlight for pictures. Nobody got hurt."

If there is $9 million worth of change in that find, it is the biggest recovery of lost treasure ever made. So far only a handful of coins has been shown publicly, but the hotel

Robert G. Sherrill is writing a book about Southern political personalities, to be published by Houghton Mifflin.

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is doing excellent business, several promotional films have been made, and plans are under way to exploit the story in several other national magazines. So far the situation smacks more of Barnum than of Blackbeard.

The other treasure recovery, near Cape Kennedy, is all that its promoters claim for it: more than $1 million worth—this is a very conservative appraisal, for many of the items are priceless in an irreplaceable way—of gold doubloons, silver pieces of eight, gold jewelry and silver utensils, mint bars and plates of gold, even ancient crockery from China which had been brought to Mexico from the Orient and relayed on for delivery in Spain.

Part of a Spanish fleet loaded in Colombia with gold; the other part came from Veracruz with silver and goods from the Orient. They met in Havana in 1715 and headed for home, sailing up the Gulf Stream near the coast of Florida. But before they could swing eastward, a hurricane hit the fleet of eleven ships and ripped ten of them to pieces on the Florida coast. Lost: $14 million (current estimate) in precious items. Much of this was later salvaged by Spain, but much remained on the ocean floor.

It was at the site of one of these wrecks that a group of Florida and California treasure hunters made their great find. All of this has been recited with tedious repetition in *True*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *National Geographic*. With due respect for the $1 million emphasis, however, it is our duty to report that the magazines missed the whole point of what is happening. The salvagers did not just *find* treasure; they were *given* treasure by Florida officials who, to carry out this largess, had to jockey their own rules and conduct the public's business in secret.

To be more precise: the treasure was taken from a site for which the salvagers did not have a salvaging lease—a lack which state officials hurriedly, and surreptitiously, corrected. Furthermore, the state did not even know that the treasure had been found—although the salvagers were supposed to be working as partners with the state—until a highway patrolman checked a rumor and located the booty stashed away in several banks. The salvagers said it was all a misunderstanding and that they were not trying to conceal anything from the state. Florida officials, who have gone out of their way to help this group of treasure hunters, find the episode too painful to discuss.

This is the background of the give-away: Florida has a board called the Internal Improvement Trustees which regulates treasure hunting in the waters within the offshore 3-mile limit. The governor and several other high officials make up the board. A lot of bootleg treasure hunting goes on all the time, especially by Sunday scuba divers. But if you want to go about it legally, you must apply to the board for a one-year search lease, covering a specified area and costing $100. If you find a wreck and want to salvage it, you have to apply for a separate salvage lease, and put up a $500 bond.

This is supposed to give everybody a fair whack at the offshore hunting. You pays your $100 and you takes your chance. But for nearly four years it has not worked that way at all. In 1961, Kip Wagner, a Florida plasterer, and some friends set up an organization called the Real Eight Co. Since then they have ruled Florida's eastern waters, through the beneficence of several Florida officials.

Looking back on his success, Wagner today says he owes it all to "a crew of hard-working divers and three boats crammed with gear and, above all, phenomenal luck." By luck, he may be including the generosity of then Gov. Farris Bryant in giving him, not the usual one-year search lease, but a three-year lease; and instead of the usual couple of miles, *nearly 50 miles along the coast*—in fact, the entire area covering all suspected wreck sites, from Sebastian Inlet south to Stuart. Since 1961, the lease has twice been modified, so that presently Real Eight is operating under a six-year contract that is renewable to last until 1975.

While the one-year lease feature was being stretched in this way, Bryant and his aides were arranging an even more important modification: the search lease, which was supposed to be nonexclusive, was made exclusive. For the first three and a half years of the contract—or until the major treasure find — no other company was granted a lease to explore that 50-mile stretch, though other treasure hunters, including some professional salvagers, applied.

Oscar Ewing, an amateur hunter, filed suit against the state (he later dropped it), saying he had been cheated. He complained that when he tried to get a lease on a wreck site, he was told that Cobb Coin Co., already had it. No such company existed, however, and the site wound up in the hands of Real Eight Co.

Meanwhile Wagner had teamed up with a professional salvager, Mel Fisher, from California. For reasons best known to them, they have taken out additional salvage leases under a variety of names: Armada Research Corp., Treasure Salvors, Inc., and Universal Salvage Co. They now have eight of the choicest salvage sites on the east coast—in addition to the 50-mile stretch that Real Eight has all sewed up.

That was just the beginning of Wagner's "luck." Up to the first of this year, the salvagers reported for their three years of effort only $5,000 worth of coins and artifacts. Then they came upon the *Hollandasia*, the bountiful wreck. No report of the find was sent to William Kidd, Governor Bryant's adviser and the executive director of the Internal Improvement Board's staff. Kidd found the treasure—some of it deposited in three banks under the name of the nonexisting Cobb Coin Co. — only through the hard-pressed investigations of one of his own field men and a state highway patrol captain. Some of the booty in the safety deposit boxes was marked "state" and Kidd, when reporters learned of the investigation six months after it took place, insisted that these markings proved the salvagers' honest intentions. But in a private letter to Col. H. N. Kirkman, head of the Department of Public Safety, Kidd had previously said: "Through the efforts of Ed [Capt. Ed Reddick, the investigator], I believe that the state of Florida will recover two or three hundred thousand dollars that otherwise would have been lost."

He was speaking here of the 25 per cent which, under the regular agreement, salvagers are supposed to turn over to the state. By rights, of course, Florida could have taken *all* of this particular treasure. But if Kidd had even harsh words with the salvagers over the hiding of the

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treasure, they were voiced in secret; and when it was discovered that the gold had been taken from areas not covered by Real Eight's salvage leases, state officials and the salvagers hastily got back to a cooperative basis. Instead of taking control of the treasure, Kidd, Governor Bryant and other members of the board signed a *retroactive* lease for that underwater land.

All this was arranged very quietly, with only a few officials and none of the public aware of what was going on. Even two of Bryant's colleagues on the board now claim they didn't know the gold had been found when they voted approval of the lease. About that time, reporters from the Miami *Herald* and the St. Petersburg *Times* began to get curious about the treasure operation, but Kidd told them they couldn't see all of the Real Eight files. Since then they have been shown the files, but some of the correspondence has disappeared.

Kidd, increasingly sensitive to the prying of the press, has said that he "followed the attorney general's recommendations all the way in negotiating that lease." But the assistant attorney general, who was at the secret conference, said he had made no such recommendation. Wagner also feels that too much has been made of the retroactive lease. "I didn't know the difference between a search lease and a salvage lease," he said. Maybe not, but state officials knew.

Recently, a special advisory committee, made up mostly of university professors of history and anthropology, disclosed that it had been urging Governor Bryant, since before the great find, to have the state do its own salvaging, because the state could do it more cheaply, more expertly—rescuing many artifacts now cast aside by treasure salvagers whose eyes light up mainly at the sight of coins—and without having to split the booty with private groups. The general location of these wrecks has been known for years. If the legislature would put out a few thousand dollars for diving equipment and metal detectors, these advisers say, the state could find every wreck down there.

The committee also recommended, we now learn, that the state should police the salvaging operation in a realistic way. Sometimes there were eight salvage boats at work and only *one* state inspector at the scene; many times there was no inspector at all. State officials concede that Real Eight operated on the "honor system."

Another recommendation was that when the booty is divvied up, an expert should be on hand to see that the state gets a fair split. Just because the state gets one of every four escudo pieces does not mean it is getting a fourth of the value. The same type of coin may be worth $1,000 or $40 or junk, depending on its condition, and only an expert can tell. At the division of the coins with Real Eight Co., Florida was represented by a highway patrolman and a C.P.A., neither of whom knew anything about coins.

A marine salvage company canny enough to find more than $1 million in Spanish treasure is a much rarer and a much better "story" than a state government stupid enough to give away $1 million, but the latter is nevertheless the axle upon which this historic event turned. Real Eight Co. operated normally for a private corporation motivated by profit: aggressively, taking advantage of every break and relaxation of official regulations; secretly, where secrecy was thought to help, and driving a stiff bargain when the spoils were split. Fair enough. But the basic reason for the salvagers' success is that state officials let private enterprise run the show. That, in the South, is called "creating a favorable business climate" and, to those who know how to take advantage of it, it's worth a boatload of bright doubloons.

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The Friendly Britannica . . . . . Arthur M. Louis

Someone with the initials "LBJ" wrote the selection on Sam Rayburn for the current edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and if you turn to the list of contributors, you will find that the LBJ in question is precisely whom you thought. LBJ writes that his mentor and fellow Texan, the late Speaker of the House, was "noted for his tart common sense, honesty and unflagging patriotism," and that he was "energetic, studious, ambitious and affable." For scholarly purposes, LBJ's article is about as useful as Damon's utterances on Pythias. If Rayburn had any faults—and if memory serves, he did—they do not emerge from this encomium. Still, the piece undoubtedly has historical value, and it also proves that even Presidents cannot always dodge dangling participles: "After winning the battle in 1961 to enlarge the house committee on rules—the hardest internal house struggle in 40 years—Rayburn's health failed quickly."

What troubles one about the *Britannica*—a reference set that every American adolescent is taught to revere—is that the choice of LBJ to write about Sam Rayburn is not an isolated curiosity but a common flaw. There is a parallel in the choice of Clement Attlee to write the piece on George Lansbury, his one-time superior in the British Labour Party, or of Sen. John W. Bricker, who retired some years ago at the request of the electorate, to write on his friend and fellow Ohio conservative, the late Robert A. Taft. Lord Attlee is properly reserved, although anything but hostile, in appraising Lansbury, but Bricker cannot suppress an occasional burst of hot adulation, as when he writes of Taft: "His honesty, integrity and patriotism were never responsibly questioned," or when he asserts, "He had no trace of demagoguery. His appeal was to logic, rarely to emotion"—rarely, mind you.

The relationship of LBJ to Rayburn, during their many years together on Capitol Hill, is said to have been almost filial. But the *Britannica*, in its wisdom, offers us some authentic examples of filial piety, as when it has Nathaniel Benchley write on his father Robert, or Henry Cabot Lodge on his grandfather of the same name, or Gen. Douglas MacArthur on his father, Gen. Arthur MacArthur. These wise men undoubtedly knew their own progenitors, and had many useful things to say about them, but in a reference book of the *Britannica's* reputation, the subject's mother-in-law should be given equal time.

Q. Who is the last man you would summon for a balanced account of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company?

A. The chairman of the board of directors, naturally.

Q. And whom did the Britannica summon?

A. The chairman of the board of directors, naturally—Mr. Frederick R. Kappel.

And is there anyone less likely to give an impartial summation of the New Deal than Raymond Moley? The *Britannica* could think of no one *more* likely, and so they gave Moley a chance to toot his own horn, although almost immediately he sounded a sour note. Moley writes that the term "New Deal" was first used by Franklin D. Roosevelt "in his speech accepting the Democratic nomination for President on July 2, 1932. It had been written into the speech by his adviser and collaborator, Raymond Moley, who was the chief of what came to be known as the 'brains trust.'" [*sic*] But Arthur Schlesinger Jr., in the first of his volumes on the Roosevelt years, says the words were inserted by Samuel Rosenman, who, "nervous and restless," had approached his task fortified with hot dogs and a pot of coffee. In a footnote, Schlesinger remarks that Moley had used the phrase two months earlier, in a memorandum to Roosevelt, but that the term "New Deal" also appears well back in literature, and that "New Deal for America" had been the title of an article appearing in *The New Republic* just before the convention.

If Moley toots a horn, then J. Edgar Hoover sounds a church organ. For it is he who wrote the article on the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Hoover devotes exactly one sentence of his long dissertation to the pre-Hooverian FBI: "Established July 26, 1908, by Atty. Gen. Charles J. Bonaparte, the investigative agency originally was known as the Bureau of Investigation." The FBI archives must have received more care after "reorganization of the agency followed Atty. Gen. Harlan Fiske Stone's appointment in 1924 of J. Edgar Hoover as director." Mr. Hoover continues:

> *Political considerations were divorced from personnel appointments, and promotions were placed on a merit basis. Continuity of direction has been afforded by the fact that each succeeding attorney general has reappointed J. Edgar Hoover as head of the FBI.*

After recounting how six well-known criminals were killed in action by FBI agents during the 1930s, Hoover goes on to relate that "more than 15,000 Axis operators and sympathizers in South America were expelled, interned or rendered harmless" [!] during the Second World War, with the help of his agency, that "1771 potentially dangerous enemy aliens" were arrested in the United States the day after the attack on Pearl Harbor, and that these and later arrests were made "in an orderly manner." He also reminds us of the many times his agency has averted a Communist revolution in the United States.

Regrettably, the critics of the FBI are not well represented in Mr. Hoover's article. Indeed, one would never suppose that any existed, or that the FBI, by its conduct through the years, had offended anyone's concept of civil liberties. Perhaps one of the "potentially dangerous enemy aliens" should have been asked to write an epilogue.

To discuss the Girl Guides, the British counterpart of the Girl Scouts, the *Britannica* called upon Lady Olave Baden-Powell, their leader. And while there may be nothing sinister about this organization, surely there could have been a less biased chronicler of its good deeds. The same would apply to the choice of Avery Brundage, a man with a talent for becoming involved in controversy, as co-author of the entry on the Olympic Games. The late Col. Edward M. House, Woodrow Wilson's representative at the start of the Conference of Paris, is co-author of the article on that

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conference. Adlai E. Stevenson, a devoted friend of Eleanor Roosevelt, wrote her biography and, as you might expect, his article does not encompass Westbrook Pegler's point of view. E. B. White, a mainstay of *The New Yorker* during the editorship of Harold Ross, was chosen to write the *Britannica* piece on Ross. It is a spate of unmitigated praise for Ross, and for the way *The New Yorker* took shape under his direction. As such, it is an endorsement of White's brand of journalism.

But all is as nothing to the *Britannica's* treatment of its own great leader, William Benton, former politician, educator and advertising man (Benton and Bowles), and for twenty-two years publisher of the *Britannica*. Robert Maynard Hutchins, who is chairman of the *Britannica's* board of directors, has the honor of introducing Benton to posterity. The Hon. Mr. Benton, as the *Britannica's* promotional literature calls him, occupies 77 printed lines (with 10 lines equal to about 105 words). Since his background was largely in politics, specifically in the Senate and the United Nations, I found it worth while to determine how the length of his article compared with that of his peers. The Hon. Richard M. Nixon is covered in 50 lines; The Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson gets 39 lines, which is also the amount he wrote about Mrs. Roosevelt. LBJ's article on The Hon. Sam Rayburn takes up 37 lines. The late Vice President Alben Barkley is close behind with 36. The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, 2d, gets only 33, although he at least does a bit better than Mr. Hutchins himself, who occupies 32. The article on The Hon. Barry Goldwater, written before the national conventions, requires only 23 lines. There are no articles on Strom Thurmond, Estes Kefauver, Herbert Lehman or Joseph Martin, and there is no mention whatever, in the entire *Britannica*, of William Knowland, Everett Dirksen, Mike Mansfield or Hubert Humphrey (again, before the conventions). On the other hand, The Hon. Mr. Bricker's article on the Hon. Mr. Taft is 137 lines long. And all the recent Presidents of the United States get more space than The Hon. Mr. Benton.

But what does the *Britannica*, through Mr. Hutchins, have to say about its publisher? The article

opens on a favorable note: "His imagination and boldness appeared in everything he did in advertising." There are also some kind words for the University of Chicago, with which Benton, Hutchins and the *Britannica* have been intimately associated:

> *At 35 Benton sold his interest in the agency and in 1937 went to the University of Chicago to become vice-president of the university, where Robert M. Hutchins, a Yale classmate, was president. There he took leadership in making The University of Chicago Round Table the most distinguished forum in the country. . . . He was one of the young administrative officers who gave the university unparalleled vitality at that epoch in its history. While an officer of the university in 1942, he helped organize, with Paul G. Hoffman, the committee for economic development. As founding vice-chairman of its board of trustees and of its research committee, he helped develop its program of scholarly research that made it one of the most influential groups of businessmen in the country.*

In 1949, so the article continues, The Hon. Mr. Benton "accepted" an appointment to the Senate, and in 1950 he was elected to fill out the remaining two years of the unexpired term:

> *In the senate he became a champion of freedom and justice throughout the world, defending the United Nations and fighting for civil liberties and civil rights. At the height of Joseph R. McCarthy's power, Senator Benton led the attack on McCarthyism, with a courage unmatched by that of any other politician of the time.* [McCarthy receives 36 lines in the Britannica.] *He introduced a resolution calling for McCarthy's expulsion from the senate and McCarthy's conduct in relation to this resolution later led to his censure by the senate.*

The abrupt termination of Benton's career in the Senate is written off with the phrase, "After leaving the senate . . ." In fact, Benton did not leave willingly; he was beaten in the 1952 election, evidently because of his opposition to McCarthy. This would make Benton's anti-McCarthyism seem all the more courageous, and would perhaps qualify him for a profile in the television series based on President Kennedy's famous book; but someone's courage stopped short of mentioning in the *Britannica* that anyone ever licked the boss.

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The Depression's Late Harvest

REAPERS OF THE DUST. A Prairie Chronicle. By Lois Phillips Hudson. Little, Brown & Co. 173 pp. $4.75.

Curtis Harnack

Edwin Muir once said that if a man in his youth knows his own small village well, he is equipped to understand the whole world. But should the contemporary world radically differ from the microcosm of one's youth, of what value are childhood memories? Reflecting on her growing up during the stark, bitter years of the depression, Lois Phillips Hudson in *Reapers of the Dust* seems to be asking just such a question, for those days seem a far cry from today's old New Frontier and Great Society. And yet, as she says in the foreword: "The stories of all these people and all these events constitute what I believe to be a true statement about a particular time which ought not to be forgotten." She seeks to understand why not.

These are tales to "discomfit civilization," in the tradition of personal accounts of the settling of the West by such writers as Mari Sandoz, Wallace Stegner and Walter Van Tilburg Clark. The author is only 38, but her early life was totally alien to modern existence in suburbia where she, along with everybody else, now lives. "Like most other people, I have gotten my water out of a faucet for a long time now," but she evokes through memory the true importance of water in human life as she tells of water witching in North Dakota, of the well her father dug which was their lifeblood for a while, and then, when water left it, how *they* had to leave the farm.

Readers in overheated, thermostated houses may well envy the child in the story "The Cold Wave," who experiences the very essence of coldness one night when her family and their livestock are at the mercy of the Arctic. Coming upon her frozen pet calf next morning:

> *I stood looking at the soft fine hair that was too fine and big-kneed legs that were too thin, and it seemed to me that I now understood how it was with the mammoths in the Ice Age. One night they had lain down to sleep, leaning ponderously back to back, legs bent beneath warm bellies, tusks pointed up from the dying tundra. The blood under their incredible hides slowed a little, and the warmth of their bodies ascended in ghostly clouds toward the indifferent moon. There was no rushing, congealing wave: there was only the unalarmed cold sleep of betrayed creatures.*

A childhood close to the soil resulted in an awareness of more fundamental questions than anybody could answer, as shown in "Work, For the Night Is Coming." The death of a tomato worm, hacked in two by Aunt Clara, who herself was doomed to be stricken, leads to the inevitable conclusion:

> *The work of one creature meant the death of another. The worm killed the tomato plant; my aunt killed the worm; the sun, in a manner of speaking, would finally kill my aunt. Work and death—two things equally ineluctable, equally significant, equally definite — so oddly connected in so many ways.*

When a mountain lion screams from a tree, "sounding horribly like a woman being murdered," the child comes to know the real meaning of danger and the enemy. "The thing about the lion was that he presented a threat which could be dealt with rationally. . . . No bombs or other nightmares exploited the helpless night; only the cougar screamed in the blackness of the hills." Recently the author and her children went back to that farm "to escape the smog where we live," and they found it filled with summer cottages, and even her father was selling off the last acres for housing tracts.

It is not mere nostalgia which leads Mrs. Hudson to believe that the life of struggle for survival on the Great Plains in the 1930s, though harrowing, was somehow more real—and definitely preferable to the bland comforts of suburbia. Since all reserves of endurance were necessary to combat overwhelmingly adverse forces, a certain human grandeur was achieved, if one got through at all. Even the natural elements were outsized, grandiose: 62° below zero in winter, and 112° in the shade in summer; dust storms blotted out the sun and clogged the nostrils; tornadoes blew away farm buildings in seconds.

As a child she shared her father's battle against poverty and suffered in the ruin of the family fortunes. They finally became itinerant fruit-farm workers in the valleys of the Pacific Coast. All of it does indeed seem a long way from the conditions of life in present-day Scarsdale or Sewickley. But Mrs. Hudson maintains that the mesmerized, tranquilized, TV'd existence of today's affluent middle-class America is thoroughly unreal, and she feels like some rare carry-over of another era. She has known the outer reaches of life, and she carries that memory with her as she pushes her cart down the glistening alley of the tuneful local supermarket.

Inevitably, because of the similarity of subject matter, John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* is brought to mind. "Thus it was that we joined the caravan of destitute nomads who sought the western ocean, where the people . . . concluded that our difficulties must be the result of a lazy shiftlessness. They called us Okies if we came from north of Texas, and Arkies otherwise, and generally treated us the way people with such names would expect to be treated." But because Mrs. Hudson writes out of the penetrating knowedge of personal experience, her work and Steinbeck's are as wide apart as journalism and art. The girl's father, for instance, is a man of ideas, humor, intelligence, and considerably more aware of what is happening around him than the colorful but dim-witted Pa Joad. The girl's mother majored in mathematics in college; the family and their friends read books and have certain pretensions to culture. This makes the indignity of their uprooted life even more poignant. In the tradition of naturalistic determinism, by way of Zola and Dreiser, Steinbeck's ideas cluster under the aegis that the purpose of literature should be to bring about change in the conditions of social existence. His characters are one-dimensional types fleshed in to serve the thesis of the book, whereas Mrs. Hudson operates under no such limitations.

One has only to reread *The Grapes of Wrath*, with its souped-up prose and its calculated pitch to the times, to see that Steinbeck's sensibilities about his

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Curtis Harnack is the author of The Work of an Ancient Hand *(Harcourt, Brace) and* Persian Lions, Persian Lambs *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston).*

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material were so shallow that the book can now have only historic interest. The Joads are blobs of humanity, deserving pity, caught as they are by changing technology in agriculture; uneducated and unskilled, they are the victims of big business and other manipulators of society; union organizing is presented with appropriate emotionalism as the only hope. Admittedly the book speaks of its time, but in tract fashion.

Much of the savage bitterness that characterizes Steinbeck's novel is also found in Mrs. Hudson's two books. Her first novel, *The Bones of Plenty*, was hailed by a reviewer in *The New York Times* as "*the* farm novel" of the depression, though by using such a phrase he betrayed a misunderstanding of the intentions of any serious literary artist: he confused the setting and materials of the book with the total purpose of the work. Mrs. Hudson's probing does not stop with a revelation of how things were, and how they might have been different if the social forces had not operated in such a cruel manner; her interest is in the human condition itself, and the pain and sharpness felt by any life that veers close to the bone. In these fat days, this is the discussion she wishes to raise. The Great Depression, as happens in all calamities, brought about a heightened sense of the human predicament—a predicament that cannot ever be totally solved by reform movements or proper unionization. Her final interests are more metaphysical than social.

In "The Loom of Time," the last tale of *Reapers of the Dust*, the narrator's parents never really lose faith in the promise sometimes called "the American dream"; they believe her life will reach some kind of wonderful fulfillment theirs hasn't. This attitude gave the child a certain idealism that was continually hard to reconcile with events. Despite the family's tumbleweed existence as migrant farm workers, she and her friend Darius were convinced that if, as the 4-H Club slogan said, they used their Head, Heart, Health and Hands, they could become skilled in agriculture and spend their lives on a farm. The fact was, it mattered little how much they learned about raising chickens or keeping a garden; there was no possible future for them in this way of life. But "people don't say things like that to children." One has to live on hope for better times, else how could one have the strength to carry on?

For Mrs. Hudson it seems ironical that given her parents' expectations,

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when that tomorrow with its prosperity was realized, it is paltry and uninteresting by comparison. Whether her family could have been sustained through their troubles if they'd known that their lean life was actually a far richer one than that which would be lived by their descendants in the '50s and '60s is not dwelt upon. She sees merely that she was lucky to have had in childhood a sense of place, brought about by family relationships and mutual struggle toward specific goals—even though her father lost his "place," his North Dakota farm. She had "roots" even while they were living in tents and shifting from town to town.

She suggests that the real issue is not that a sense of place is lacking in so many lives today, but an inability or no opportunity for feeling life itself. Her children go through the sad little rite of dressing up for tricks or treats on Halloween, without comprehending that fright and terror are supposed to be the ingredients of this holiday. She recalls, by contrast, a Halloween in her childhood when she was actually shot at, when fear was as real as the buckshot overhead.

As a girl she was contained by the snug circle of her family's expectations about tomorrow, confident that her elders at least knew what they wanted and where they were going. The final irony in *Reapers of the Dust* is her realization that of course they didn't. "I had always believed that it was the ones who had gone before me who understood the circle and where they belonged in it, but instead they supposed that it was the ones coming after them who would understand."

She visits her grandmother, who is sitting in front of a TV set watching a Western, accepting all the accouterments of our plastic civilization and the cheap, commercial values of mass society—and she can scarcely believe that this is the same North Dakota woman who had been treasured for "the great, rigid, noble pattern of her life." What have we lost, with all our gain? This is what the book is about, and Mrs. Hudson's answer is eloquent: all that really mattered.

There

Who'd go out there

On the black, humped
Slithering snarl of sea

Past the splintered
Rock hulls

Of islands wrecked by wave

Unless drawn
Inward

By her nets of song?

Daniel Hoffman

When Workers Unite

REVOLUTION IN SEATTLE: A Memoir. By Harvey O'Connor. Monthly Review Press. 300 pp. $5.

Cynthia Adcock

In a day when American labor often finds its role reduced to little more than Guardian of the Machine, it is refreshing, and a bit puzzling, to read of a time when workers thought they could run the world—and did run Seattle for three days during a general strike in 1919, in support of workers seeking higher wages from shipyard companies backed up by the federal government.

From a former "bindle stiff" of the logging camps of the Northwest has come a chronicle of *Revolution in Seattle*, reminding us that profit-sharing plans and labor-management grievance committees are not the only forms of industrial democracy this nation has seen. It is said that the lumberjacks of the old Northwest had their form of justice, for instance, for cooks who lined their pockets by watering the stew: setting the cook on his own stove.

Such raggle-taggle insurgency, and the organized radicalism of the unions, scared the hell out of many state of Washington officials, precipitated the brief but violent Red scare of 1919-20, and—ah happy legacy!—acted as catalyst to the organization of the American Legion.

The logger turned historian, Harvey O'Connor, has produced a memoir and history of the three intertwining strands that made the revolution in Seattle: the labor unions, the various Socialist groups and the link between the two, the Industrial Workers of the World, the Wobblies. For it is hardly likely that Seattle's Central Labor Council would have called its general strike had not a flock of Washington Socialists and Wobblies been talking up the general strike by "one grand industrial union" for years. Rumors of that weapon's use in Russia, and of the revolution across the Bering Straits, proved a positive influence on Seattle unionists. Union Halls of Free Speech guaranteed that Socialist views miscegenated freely with orthodox trade union ideas.

Similarly, a hybrid quality characterized Washington labor's feelings about workers of other nationalities. A crude, ignorant nativism gave birth to anti-Chinese riots when Chinese laborers competed for jobs and accepted wages so low that they were called un-American. But this was mixed with a heady internationalism of the brotherhood of workers. Seattle labor hailed the Russian Revolution and (shades of the boycott of Russian wheat shipments!) longshoremen boycotted a government shipment of rifles to the counterrevolutionary Kolchak outpost in Siberia. World War I itself had only slightly dampened the internationalist fervor of the Seattle workers. The Central Labor Council had passed a resolution urging repeal of the draft—despite the imminent danger of prosecution under the nation's new peacetime Sedition Act.

Many Seattle radicals did in fact go to jail for opposing the draft; O'Connor carries us through their experience too: "Like a great Bird / The unquiet Spirit of the jail / Broods close above me. . . ." wrote one woman anarchist.

Yet it was not until after the postwar Seattle general strike and the Red scare that the jails skimmed off the cream of the radical and labor movements in the Northwest. Dissension within the labor movement, the rise of Dave Beck's business unionism, reinforced by pressures from the national A.F. of L., and the "ever-ascending plateau of normalcy" all helped the Seattle labor movement to adjust to the scarcity of unjailed radicals. Unemployment broke down the community of the lumber stiffs and other workers, while the laborer's sharp alienation from "polite" society was smoothed over. However, O'Connor narrates the shreds of insurgent activity and the later lives of the revolution's chief leaders down to the 1950s, when the movement itself was long since gone.

The dialogue between radicals and labor unionists was only one of many aspects of that revolution that ring so strangely to our modern ears. Another is the biting, devil-may-care-

Cynthia Adcock, a graduate student in history at Rice University, is especially interested in the history of American radicalism.

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but-probably-won't humor that enabled the worker to stay sane as he wandered from lumber camp to camp, with his lice and his stiff "bindle" of blankets, fleeing to the city every few months for release in drinking, gaming and whoring, or seeking the companionship and perfervid debate of the union hall on "skid road." O'Connor reminds us that the Wobblies' *Little Red Songbook* has seen some thirty editions. Among the Wobbly songs quoted are Joe Hill's *Pie in the Sky* song and the lesser-known T-Bone Slim's verses ("They go wild, simply wild over me, / I'm referring to the bed-bug and the flea. / They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my sleep. / They go wild, simply wild over me.")

The cross-fertilization of working stiff and intellectual in the Seattle revolution was perhaps responsible for these cultural efflorescenses. Comparable movements of our history—the building of the C.I.O. in the late 1930s and the Negro freedom movement today—have also produced their spate of songs and folklore, and even a few off-Broadway musicals.

The Seattle revolution and that in Mississippi are also strikingly similar in the intense striving for knowledge by heretofore deprived people in the process of leading their own revolutions. The Wobbly hall and the Freedom School alike have fed a hunger for understanding and communication with the outer world beyond the piny woods or hardwood forests. Personal participation in a movement vitally concerned with their fate has probably been for these various people a most powerful stimulus to learning. Perhaps, too, it was Wobbly activity that enabled logger O'Connor to keep alive his love of history: though ambitious to be a professor of history, he was in 1914 the sole support of his widowed mother, and after high school graduation he took to the logging camps.

Between those jobs he swept floors and wrote editorials for the *Seattle Daily Call*, one of the Socialist and labor union dailies that eked out an existence during those years. O'Connor never joined the ranks of academia. After criminal anarchy charges against O'Connor for his role in the Seattle general strike were dropped, he returned to labor journalism, and began writing history books. In 1954, the author was indicted for contempt of Senator Joseph McCarthy, but he won a reversal of the indictment. The chairman of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee from 1954 to 1963, Mr. O'Connor was in 1958 charged with contempt of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. While the case lingers on the docket, O'Connor does research on the relationship between the State Department and Standard Oil. (His interest in oil is not new; his books include *The Empire of Oil*, *World Crisis in Oil*, *History of Oil Workers*.)

Revolution in Seattle lies midway between history and memoir. With no help at all from higher education, O'Connor mastered the techniques of historical research, the exhaustive bibliography and supplementary notation. But his search for copies of the radical pamphlets and newspapers that passed through the hands of Seattle revolutionaries was frequently futile, for they were rarely collected by librarians. One reason for writing the book was the gradual disappearance of sources, both written and oral; many of O'Connor's fellow participants in the movement are now very old. (A few have contributed short recollections in an appendix to the book.)

The immediacy of O'Connor's memories often seizes control of his book, pervading it with a passion that will please the sympathizer, though he leaves somewhat vaguely defined such topics as the relationships between the Socialist movements, the Wobblies and the labor unions. First one seizes the stage, then another.

The style oscillates between that of a history text and the personal, inner probings of the individual revolutionaries. It is easy to see why. For O'Connor and others on the Left, the Seattle revolution, like the New Deal era, was so rare and so exhilarating because there seemed to be a harmony of intellectual and worker, a bridge between classes and types of men that have traditionally felt alienated from the establishment. The Negro freedom movement marks a new partnership between the underdogs and the intellectuals of middle-class origins, as did the early stages of the Cuban Revolution, when student-guerrilla and peasant worked together in subverting the Batista dictatorship.

The partnership in Seattle was not an unequal one, it seems. Perhaps the greatest value of *Revolution in Seattle* is the glimpse it gives us of ordinary laborers who managed to combine self-discipline, humor, a sense of human dignity, and even—at times—compassion for the scabs and soldiers used to break their strikes. O'Connor's history is of that genre which aims at passing the torch of an inspiration from the past to the next generation.

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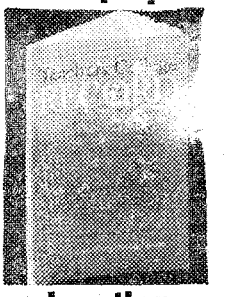

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LETTER from SPAIN

J.G.B.

Between the end of 1960 and the beginning of 1962, Spaniards underwent an awkward psychological conversion the significance of which escaped them at the time: they began to stop believing that the Franco regime would end by other means than the natural death or voluntary resignation of its beneficiary after he had selected a successor who had his confidence.

The rightists—the classes that won the war—were the first to realize that this old belief had passed on, perhaps because they no longer need it to feel wholeheartedly pro-Franco. Gradually, the old enervating fear of a black future has given way to a happy enjoyment of the sunny present. Even the industrialists who most complain about the political and economic "new look," installed since July, 1959, have to admit, in private, that there are compensations. Is it not true, after all, that they find in the administrative bodies a more understanding reception than in the days when import licenses and the National Institute of Industry were omnipotent? Besides, urban development and the tourist boom offer agreeable opportunities. Although much of Spanish industry is antiquated, inefficient or simply insufficient, its owners possess comfortable personal fortunes about which the national treasury, despite recent reforms, has inadequate knowledge. Stock investment puts them off because it allows them little chance to evade taxes, but they show a healthy enthusiasm for land speculation and construction of hotels and apartments for resale. Enlarge and modernize their factories? Not all feel sure enough that it is a paying proposition; anyhow, for those purposes, there are banks, state credit institutions, the capital and know-how of foreigners. After so many years of endemic cynicism, the Spanish Right can now support the regime because it is economically progressive, not just out of a simply conservative instinct, a fact which has thrown them into an almost voluptuous enjoyment of their new-found good conscience.

On the other side of the barricades —which are now not only invisible but begin to be nonexistent—the masses, whose political representation was borne by the Left until the end of the Civil War, are so busy emigrating from the countryside to the cities and from the cities to foreign countries, or by any other means participating individually in the general rise in the standard of living, that they have hardly noticed how one basic determinant of the country's life during the last twenty-five years has become progressively attenuated. Spanish prosperity, like European prosperity, has given birth to a deradicalization of the working classes. True, Spanish prosperity has considerably further to go than the European, but its starting point suffered the same handicap. For the youth, the Civil War is a vague memory of a father, an uncle, an older brother, executed or killed at the front—or perhaps of an exiled relative whom they now envy; the years of hunger and repression are a childhood memory from which they flee. Today, tomorrow . . . who's going to get involved with a clandestine political group when you can get on a train? Who's going to take to the hills when you can go to Germany? As for the old-timers, those who made the Civil War or lived it, they have suffered too much, are too demoralized, are now too old.

All this is wiping out an old myth from Spanish minds, the myth of the "second coming": the idea that one day the defeated would cancel by political strength or force of arms the results of the Civil War. Today, the majority of Spaniards know, or suspect, that this will not happen: the fear and the hope have both been abolished. And the Civil War no longer gravitates about the national consciousness like a recent event; it has suddenly become remote. Except for occasional ecstasies of atavistic ferocity, perhaps the most telling index we have of this emotional recession is the gingerly reticence that the press, radio and television—all controlled by Manuel Fraga Iribarne, the meddling Minister of Information and Tourism —impose on everything that too vividly recalls "the spirit of July 18" and the "heroic deeds of our Glorious Crusade." The propaganda campaign celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the end of the war and the film biography, *"Franco, Ese Hombre,"* now on Spanish screens, have both been inclined to tread carefully around the Civil War, presenting it as a lamentable episode—"a bloodletting among Spaniards"—although a necessary one, since it had such a lucky consequence: the elevation of Franco to chief of state. *O felix culpa!*—as sings the Catholic Church about original sin on the day of Christ's resurrection.

"Twenty-five years of peace," that has been the slogan which, from every fence, house front, screen and newspaper, has tired Spanish eyes for so long that it has filtered into the minds of many. A lot could be said about the "peace." But the twenty-five years are irrefutable. There is no point in saying, as do the frivolous, that Franco has had good luck, for this simply reverses the official image of Franco as the man of providence. Can anyone, in fact, imagine anything more providential than twenty-five years of good luck? Twenty-five are too many years. Spain and the Spaniards have changed, and although they would also have necessarily changed without Franco, the fact is that they have changed with him. It is the Spain that Franco leaves behind when he is through that will have to be faced, not any other previous Spain.

That the scars of the war are beginning to disappear, that the country is developing and the standard of living rising, that the customs and attitudes of Spaniards are changing, all these are facts not difficult to observe, nor to admit either. They are, also, positive facts which open the doors to hope, although such hope is, alas, quite different from that with which many were intoxicated.

Among the addicts to this drunk-

J.G.B. is a Spanish writer living in Madrid whose name must be withheld.

Granite

for John Torres

The thing is not to conserve mass, he says,
But to release form. The figure,
It is space makes it, granite now, it
Is another figure. Crystal/grains
Odd quirks, flaws to be made life of.
Eyes walk into it, led by details.
Is there, they ask, a way out? The way In.

Robert Sward

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enness there figured, conspicuously, the majority of writers that the country produced during the last fifteen years; in order to be a young poet or a young novelist one was almost automatically militantly anti-Franco. In that widespread, fervent, literary militancy, there existed, over and above the basic reasons which inspired it, something of the distorted gratification of an impulse. For the university groups and intellectuals, the commitment to *engagé* literature has been a little akin to the devotion of the city masses to this or that football team: a substitute for passion and political action. But the results of this *quid pro quo* have been less happy in the field of letters than in those of play. Economic interests affected by literature are unimportant in Spain, and the mastery of literature being of a different nature than that of football, there was no possibility, unfortunately, of importing and naturalizing great foreign writers, as happened with great athletes. Football, moreover, knows no censorship.

For literature under Franco's regime, yesterday and today, the censorship exists, so that any outlet that the writer and his readers can find for their political instincts is of so private and imaginary a nature that the result can hardly avoid falsifying literature and ideologies. To outwit the censorship requires a literary and ideological education and a capacity to maintain distance from both oneself and the theme of one's work; these are qualities that the war destroyed and presence of the dictatorship makes their revival most difficult. The censorship begins by preventing the open expression of ideas, and ends by fatally obscuring their mental formulation. Sentimental idealism, "wishful thinking," demagogic ambiguity, vague protests in the name of "hope," "justice," "the people" or "fraternity" (which the censorship allows to pass because it does not understand their meaning or because it understands quite well that their meaning is confused and that they can be interpreted in a thousand different ways, including pro-Franco) have had a lethal effect on the minds and works of many writers. "*Croyez-moi, vicomte,*" said Madame de Merteuil, "*on acquiert rarement les qualités dont on peut se passer.*"

During the years 1956 to 1959, when the regime seemed to be on its last legs, the more conscious of the young writers used to say half jokingly that the day Franco disappeared they would have to face a great problem. Franco has not disappeared but the problem has arisen and in a different form than they then could imagine. For what is disappearing are the conditions which permitted them to identify the oppression, the feelings of futility and lonely helplessness which most Spanish writers suffer with the oppression, penury and helpless uncertainty of the great mass of their compatriots. It is becoming more difficult to see in one's frustration a symbol of the frustration of the country. Left to himself, the writer lives in a society in which the old inconveniences coexist, for him, with the more subtle *Angst* the development of the economy and industry inspires; nor are there any inducements which fully developed capitalist societies offer, among which the first is freedom of expression.

The regime, which has shown a remarkable capacity for assimilation in other fields, finds itself at an impasse when it comes to this one: freedom of expression inevitably leads to the free examination of the interpretations which the regime has given of itself, its origins and its goals. With regard to the arts, ideas and news, the political new look seldom goes beyond a kind of astuteness—able in its way—in appearing to relax limitations. We are allowed a closer look at Sophia Loren's lovely behind or shown proof, as was recently seen on Spanish screens, that abroad a man and a woman can go to bed without being married and the woman may not necessarily be a whore—a feat that the great majority of young males on the tourist coast have already been able to achieve to their complete satisfaction. That and little more has been the supplementary information which Spaniards have obtained, thanks to the enlightened zeal of the new vizier of information, Fraga Iribarne. Although his intelligence is coarse, Fraga is more perceptive than his predecessor, the defunct Arias Salgado, and politically more ambitious, although almost all his ambition is vanity; but when it comes to the free expression of ideas, he only differs in methods. He is less simple: while Arias was happy to silence discordant voices and let it go at that, Fraga makes an effort to seduce them, so that they will say what is convenient to his policy—which is not exactly Franco's, since he is a young man with hopes "for later"—and if he does not succeed, he tries to destroy them. In fact, after two years of Fraga's pontificate, many writers are tempted to remember his predecessor with nostalgia. Arias was boorish and exasperating, but at bottom less dangerous, and he was good for a laugh. Arias was an incredible being, a vision that perhaps non-Spaniards cannot arrive at, an entelechy which could only arise at a certain moment and only in this country: only a mule born of the union of a monkey and a nun could faithfully reproduce the intelligence and sex of the lamented Gabriel Arias Salgado. How comforting, how personally consoling it was to see in him the incarnation of the cultural policy of the regime!

In these circumstances, the Spanish literary panorama necessarily wanes. A contempt for reality and an embarrassing conviction that they are defend-

The authors were engaged in a program of experiments with LSD and other psychedelic drugs at Harvard University, until sensational national publicity, unfairly concentrating on student interest in the drugs, led to suspension of experiments. Since then, the authors have continued their work without academic auspices.

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ing the good cause still sustains some writers in the old attitudes. Their poems, novels and essays (the censorship managed years ago to make totally impossible any kind of live and independent theatre) suffer from what a good poet and critic, J. A. Valente, calls thematic formalism; they are no more than ritualistic gestures, exorcisms for expelling the ever more insistent demons which torment the minds of *engagé* writers. Others are too busy assimilating—and suffering from—the new situation to be able to write, or to do so successfully; the substance and form of their work is incomplete and ambiguous. But it should not be a surprise if a strong reaction were soon unleashed against the "social literature" which has predominated, under different slogans and disguises, during the last fifteen years. Among the youngest poets, such a movement has already begun.

The most important event in 1964 was an unhappy one: the death of the writer and psychiatrist, Louis Martín Santos, killed in an automobile accident. Although his ear for verbal rhythm was somewhat poor and he rarely managed to make the printed words dance, he possessed a considerable literary talent; he was the most intelligent, most educated writer, and of all the young writers showed the most complete control of his ideas and medium. He had, also, two qualities which rarely come together with Spaniards: seriousness and a sense of humor. His first and only novel, *Tiempo de silencio*—recently translated and published in the States—makes up with *La Colmena* by Camilo José Cela and *El Jarama* by Rafael Sánchez Ferlosio the very short list of valuable novels which have appeared since the Civil War. The three together, each in its own way, offer a memorable picture of Spain between 1940 and 1955.

It is depressing to think how the creators of these works have been lost: Martín Santos, dead; Sánchez Ferlosio has abandoned literature, out of nihilism and the very Spanish impulse to damn others and himself; Cela, the oldest, has become a salesman for his already published work. And besides these three novels there are none which are seriously worth the bother. Perhaps *Las Afueras* by Luis Goytisolo. There is, of course, Miguel Delibes, a good writer whom one always reads with pleasure and who can be trusted never to surprise one disagreeably—although, possibly, he may never surprise one at all. If Spanish writers could sing and put on *Don Giovanni*, Delibes would inevitably play the role of Don Octavio, who is not so brilliant, nor so attractive, nor has much vitality, but who is honest and gallant—and he does in the end get Doña Ana. And that name makes me think that Ana Maria Matute would be a touching Doña Elvira. (Miss Matute's novel *The Lost Children* will be published by Macmillan this month.)

DREAMERS
DYNAMITERS
and
DEMAGOGUES

Reminiscences by Max Nomad

Author of *Rebels and Renegades*

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'Past The Wit of Man'

BOTTOM: On Shakespeare. By Louis and Celia Zukofsky. The Ark Press. 2 vols. 702 pp. $15.

David Hayman

When in 1931 Louis Zukofsky wrote his prescription for the "Objectivist" movement in *Poetry* magazine, he established himself firmly in the tradition of Poundian Imagism and numbered himself among the monks of literature, the dedicated few who write pure literature for a select audience, properly disciplined and sufficiently distanced. Whether, today, these ideas elicit revulsion, enthusiasm or a curious nostalgia, the tradition they represent, though comparatively modern, is noble. *Bottom: On Shakespeare* derives from such roots; it is a life book, an "encyclopedic" masterwork, properly orphic, breaking in every obvious sense with convention, but with a gentle irony which will commend itself even to those who will not understand. Like Mallarmé's "Un Coup de Dès," Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*, Pound's *Cantos*, works all so radically different from it, *Bottom: On Shakespeare* provides an opening into a closed world, a definition of the creator in the light of his creation. Here lies the problem for the reviewer sure that the logic of the thing escapes him, but aware of and attuned to some half-fathomed logic bathed in the light of pure and considered whimsy.

David Hayman is a free-lance writer presently living in California.

Bottom: On Shakespeare is two books in one, two volumes boxed together but produced by different hands. Volume I is Louis Zukofsky's verbal collage, a demonstration through the inspired words of other writers, and of Shakespeare himself, of the definition of love found (by Zukofsky) everywhere in Shakespeare and restated endlessly throughout the volume to the reader's constant bewilderment and growing fascination:

> *All of Shakespeare's writing embodies a definition, a continuing variant of it (love) over so many years. It is a definition of love that the learning of the later (specifically English) Renaissance had forgotten: the definition of love as the tragic hero. He is Amor, identified with the passion of the lover falling short of perfection — discernment, fitness, proportion—at those times when his imagination insufficient to itself is an aberration of the eyes; but when reason and love are an identity of sight its clear and distinct knowledge can approach the sufficient realizations of the intellect.*

Clearly this book is no guided tour of Shakespeare. Zukofsky prefaces his volume with Bottom's reflections on his midsummer night's dream: "God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. . . ." Zukofsky, the poet, leaves us pretty much to our own de-

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vices. (He once bemoaned the fact that readers no longer feel obliged to read a work four or five times.) As a result, *Bottom: On Shakespeare* expands, a sinuous, almost-bodied, inexhaustible dream. After a brief semi-lyrical preface, and a short first section outlining the definition of love and the unity of Shakespeare's creative output, we must pick our way (wade bootless?) through chunks of Aristotle, Spinoza, Wittgenstein, Plato and Freud, embedded in the compiler's beautiful but frequently elliptical prose. The reading is of the best, but the going is rough.

The rationale for all of this (the format is reminiscent of certain Renaissance books where captive knowledge is displayed in support of proposed truth) is clearest in the following passage:

> *There are books, not meant to instruct, as Wittgenstein's preface to the* Tractatus *suggests, that are* perhaps only understood by those who have already thought the thoughts which are expressed *in them*—or similar thoughts. *Their* object would be attained if there were one person who read them with understanding and to whom *they* afforded pleasure: *so both Shakespeare and Wittgenstein from the words that are thought and expressed in their books appear to have read the similar thoughts of Aristotle.*

Part three of *Bottom* is the astonishing "alphabet of subjects" ("A-bomb and H-," "Birthplace," "Continents," "Definition," etc.). Here the logic linking citations drawn from a variety of sources becomes increasingly associative, the explanations increasingly orphic. One must attend closely to be of and with Zukofsky's mind in which so many expressions of related thoughts mingle unimpeded.

Volume II contains Celia Zukofsky's music to Shakespeare's "Pericles" described by William Carlos Williams as "the antithesis of all the shouting and spouting, distortion and clouding of words and phrasing that is opera. The music holds the words in its amber, assists them to be seen." Leitmotifs are secondary only to the touchstone of the equation: love is to reason as eyes are to mind. "Conceivably—musical notes set so they would tag the insistent plays on '*see*' thruout the entire play of Shakespeare's text might, along with other notes voicing all the other words of his text, show up variational recurrences of sense. . . ."
Granted that Zukofsky is dreaming in character, the character of his dream will raise eyebrows. But the poet knows both music and scholarship, and he has read widely with discrimination. His innocence is informed and his whimsy reflective.

Ideally, I suspect, we should read *Bottom* in conjunction not only with Celia Zukofsky's opera *Pericles* but also with Zukofsky's "A," a long poem which he has been writing since 1928. "A," 1-12, published in 1959, is explicitly personal, a life rendered abstractly but with astonishing clarity: Zukofsky calls it "a contrapuntal historic epic of our time." Its counterpart, *Bottom*, he calls "a philosophical work on Shakespeare relating to a theory of culture." The true common denominator, Bottom's gift, is music. Zukofsky breaks up the linear development of "A" into movements which are themselves characterized by contrapuntal effects. The poem, while approximating the flow of time and experience, maintains the coherence of a life and an epoch, approximating what James Joyce has called "the curve of an emotion." In "A," 12, Zukofsky writes:

> *The order that rules music, the same*
> *controls the placing of the stars*
> *and the feathers in a bird's wing.*
> *In the middle of harmony*
> *Most heavenly music*
> *For the universe is true enough.*

So too in Bottom's book, which plays endless variations on the theme of seeing love, even the apparent randomness of choice which sets passages from Shakespeare, mere snippets as often as not, rattling against one another or against chunks of undigested literature and thought, even this supreme whimsy suggests a musical sort of relationship and approximates a cosmic symphony. "I'll tell you / About my poetics," writes Zukofsky in "A." "An integral / Lower limit speech / Upper limit music." The same somewhat oracular voice that fills the interstices between the quotes in *Bottom* is heard in "A," though the tune is different. It is a distinctive voice, a clear one, sincere in Zukofsky's peculiar sense: "In sincerity," he wrote in an early article, ". . . . Writing occurs which is the detail, not mirage, of seeing, of thinking, of thinking with the things as they exist, and of directing them along a line of melody." It follows that

> *Everything should be simple as it*
> *can be,*
> *Says Einstein,*
> *But not simpler.*

This simplicity is that of Bottom, and

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the two approaches contribute to our view of Zukofsky as one of the knights of the word triumphant who have in this century discovered new uses for the path cut during the last century for art's sake. It was Mallarmé after all who first said that all the world was meant to fill a book and that poetry must assert its rights in the domain of music. It seems strange, but not inappropriate in a period when the absurd has sent leaves to the tips of dead branches, to read books derived from the theories Zukofsky evolved in 1931 in an attempt to characterize the boys in the back room (Pound, Eliot, Williams, Cummings, Stevens, McAlmon, et al.).

Museum piece or masterpiece, *Bottom: On Shakespeare* must have been a book designer's nightmare. The format of this limited edition (only 1,040 copies have been printed) is strikingly beautiful. All credit to the Ark Press and its designer Kim Taylor and illustrator Cyril Satorsky.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD
RED DUST
ONIBABA

George Stevens' *The Greatest Story Ever Told* is a picture-book version of the New Testament. Each page is enlarged to the width of a tobacco barn in Ultra Panavision and so studded with famous faces that the viewer plucks out his favorites with the relish of children diving for favors in a rich kid's birthday cake. The intention of the picture is reverential (with a good return expected on the very large investment), and the effect is three and a half hours of sacrilege. It is that for the same reason that Billy Graham and his kind utter little that is not blasphemy. If Jehovah had foreseen the vulgarities of a communications-oriented society, He might have given Moses an eleventh commandment—"Thou shalt not become chummy with thy God."

The New Testament is an epic poem, a folk tale, a repository of a people's ethical wisdom. Anyone borrowing from it for his own purposes must be either a very simple man, worshiping with his hands, or an artist great enough to transmute the verses into visible truth. George Stevens is neither simple nor great; he is a resourceful showman capable of organizing enormous resources on behalf of a sure-fire property. He knows the tricks of timing, the excitements of adversity, the little close-up human foibles that will make a million-dollar headliner seem as real to a mass audience as the boy next door. Authority for everything that Jesus does in this film can be found in the Bible, and everything he does seems calculated to have an effect on his "image"—because the mammoth cast, stars and extras and stars playing extras, is on hand to show how brilliantly the ploy worked. Thus when Christ, all clad in white, allows himself to be seated on a white ass and led by the whooping crowds into Jerusalem, it is an act of press agentry worthy of the manager of Ringo Starr. Men tend to worship Christ in terms of their own aspirations, but if your aspiration is success the figure that will emerge is not apt to be the one that generations have called the Son of Man. The film closes with the gigantic head and shoulders of the resurrected Christ projected against the mists of a new day dawning: God's great billboard.

Jesus is played by Max von Sydow, a Swedish actor with a long, medieval face who, under the direction of Ingmar Bergman, has previously portrayed man's spiritual sufferings with considerable effect. It is not within his powers to give us the inside story of the living Christ.

Michelangelo Antonioni, the Italian master of ennui, has switched to color in *Red Dust* and turned out a chic film high in the values of interior decorating—all that *brutal* machinery in the maddest pastels. The setting is a large chemical complex on the Adriatic—a world of enigmatic tubular forms, polychrome vapors, iridescent sludge and Swedish modern interiors—through which Antonioni's favorite actress, Monica Vitti, once more wanders in dispirited quest of identity. This time she is suffering from the post-shock dislocations of an automobile accident, but one suspects that she was not entirely integrated before the collision. None of her associates are: the men have a capacity for making money, the women for wearing clothes, and the best fun they can devise is to get together, a half dozen in one big bed, and play doctor.

I don't question the validity of the psychological occlusion that Antonioni persists in recording—large sections of our society are indeed closed in, shut off, blocked out, pent up. And very probably he is right that the way to show this is to set a small group of rather handsome and more than moderately affluent men and women before a camera with instructions to look vaguely miserable and to make indeterminate gestures. It is not, however, a notably dramatic concept and it is not gaining cinematic relevance by repetition. If a choreographer persisted in composing ballets for cataleptics, one might begin to suspect that he had mistaken his métier; similarly, Antonioni's absorption in pathological boredom makes one wonder whether the moving picture is his medium. It may be that he worries about this himself, and is trying to compensate for a lack of theatre by composing a series of ravishing backgrounds. The result is prettiness in a vacuum.

The juxtaposition of sex and violence, thought to be an aberration of Western society, now shows up in *Onibaba*, adapted from an ancient Japanese folk tale. In the days of the wars among rival lords, a woman and her daughter-in-law, deprived by the unsettled times of their farmland, skulk through the high reeds of the marsh country, murdering stragglers from the armies for the armor and weapons they bear.

Then comes home the war buddy of the girl's husband—one of those hairy Japanese historical types much given to howling and leaping—who reports that the girl is now a widow and that he is open to a friendly arrangement. The girl accepts with alacrity and the film displays scenes of such energetic rutting—intermixed with episodes of murder for profit—that one recalls with perplexity the recent fuss over *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

The older woman, made vindictive both because the man will not also take her to bed and because she fears the loss of her fellow assassin, dons a devil mask that she has taken from the body of a samurai who had the ill fortune to ask her the way, and attempts to frighten the girl into continence by materializing eerily out of the moonlit mists. Unhappily the mask contains some poison or disease that turns the woman's face into a rotting horror. Having unmasked her, the girl

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recoils and rushes off to her lover's hut, not knowing that he has meanwhile been spitted by a vagabond intruder. With the introduction of the mask, the film switches from melodrama to myth, and drives home a moral that is perhaps more meaningful to Japanese audiences familiar with the tale than to Western viewers.

The director of *Onibaba* is Kaneto Shindo, whose *The Island* was shown here several years ago. As in that picture, the surroundings and domestic details of *Onibaba* are as tenderly appreciated as the people's brutality is relentlessly exposed. The combination of lyricism and degradation is haunting, unhealthy.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE: Part 1

We are more than gratified by the presence at the City Center of forty-nine members of the 140 who comprise the acting company of the Moscow Art Theatre. But there is in America so little knowledge of the Soviet theatre that it may be useful to note a few facts before entering into any consideration of the four productions the visitors have chosen to present.

We frequently speak of the Moscow Art Theatre as if it were the only Russian troupe in existence. By our standards it is certainly a venerable institution—it was founded in 1898—but the august Maly Theatre has a longer lineage in the Russian realistic style, having first taken root in 1824. It is still sturdy.

Strictly speaking, the Moscow Art Theatre is not without cavil the most widely preferred company of the Soviet capital. Some of the younger theatregoers regard it as a kind of "academy," highly respectable but no longer representative of the most vital impulses of the moment. When I was in Moscow two years ago I counted twenty or more major theatre organizations, all of them playing in repertory and offering three or four different plays every week. The recently formed Contemporary Theatre was favored by the youth; the Vachtangov, the Mayakovsky, the Red Army theatres also had their champions. Several Soviet critics were of the opinion that the most interesting of all Soviet theatres today was the Gorky Theatre in Leningrad. Its leading player, Cherkassov, was held to be the finest living Soviet actor.

I set these items down not to argue a point but to establish a perspective. On my first visits to Moscow in 1934 and 1935 the theatres which attracted me most were the Meyerhold and some of the small "Studio" theatres. But that was before an official or state aesthetic had been proclaimed. What I found most stimulating at that time was later attacked as "formalism." In this connection, I might have echoed Jacques Copeau, "father" of the new theatre movements in France, when he said in 1923 on the occasion of the performances given in Paris by Tairov's highly stylized Chamber Theatre and the Moscow Art Theatre: "I am more attracted today to what Tairov is trying to do than to what Stanislavsky has done, but Tairov has not achieved perfection; Stanislavsky has." There can be no doubt that the Moscow Art Theatre occupies a central position in the Soviet and perhaps in the world theatre of our time.

The productions we are now invited to see are "traditional": they do not exemplify the most typical work of the present-day Moscow Art Theatre—as does, for example, its staging of Tolstoy's *Fruits of Enlightenment*. (The company's repertory numbers thirty-three plays.) The dramatization of Gogol's *Dead Souls*, which was first presented in 1932, remains pretty much as Stanislavsky left it. (I saw it first in 1935; several members of that cast are acting the same roles here now.) *The Three Sisters*, directed originally in 1901 by the Theatre's co-founder Nemirovich-Danchenko, was revised by a "disciple" in 1958. That is also the case of *The Cherry Orchard*. Only Nicolai Pogodin's *Kremlin Chimes* is "new"; it was first directed by Nemirovich-Danchenko during the war and revised by others in 1956.

Though the present company is less brilliant than the original one seen here in 1923, which contained at least five actors of supreme rank, it is still superb. (The men are generally superior to the women; this was so from the beginning.) All are consummately trained, dedicated and scrupulous craftsmen, mature in fiber, commanding in experience and accomplishment. What is most immediately striking is the company's natural virility.

Yet it is a mistake at this juncture to judge them—as many are prone to do—singly. To engage in such evaluation, we should see them on their own stage in their complete repertory. Here we must view them—as their best performances bid us—as a unit.

For all its vigor, bounce and color a certain mustiness clings to the production of *Dead Souls*. This may be due in part to the fragmentary nature of Mikhail Bulgakov's adaptation which, while faithful (except for the ending), makes every scene take on a formal resemblance to the preceding one. This is also true of the novel, but the novel is not only sustained by its narrative line but by Gogol's pithy comments on it. They give the book an epic value, a tragi-comic and satiric poetry. *Dead Souls* is not the story of a swindler but a grotesque and heartbroken panorama of Russia. Its central character is not Chichikov but the land itself, contemplated from afar (Gogol wrote the book in Italy) by a wounded member of the "family," derisive and homesick, resentful and hopelessly "hooked" on the place and

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people whose every idiosyncrasy, enlarged by humorous recollection and spiteful love, he knows as intimately as his own skin and pulse.

Still the play is fun. (The production at the City Center seems to have been reduced by the technical and architectural limitations of the house.) But it is not its frolic which leaves one with the deepest impression, but the sense it imparts of the terrible sadness of provincial Russia in the early 19th century, cradle of odd characters and inspiration of rebel genius. If the play and its playing (some of it delicious) strike us as "exaggerated" to the point of freakishness, much the same may be said of the book—except, as remarked, that the book gives us a large frame of reference which is lacking in its stage adaptation.

Russia had changed considerably by the end of the 19th century but not nearly enough. The educated middle class had a much broader awareness of the dreary backwardness of their country, suffered from it, despaired, often broke down in nervous apathy or wretched nihilism. But at its core there was an undying aspiration, a humanism, which being severely repressed became more thoroughly grounded, more fervent, more truly Christian than any elsewhere extant. It is from this matrix of unhappiness and yearning that Chekhov emerged.

No more telling and touching testimony of the Chekhovian legacy—still rich with generative force—may be found anywhere than in the Moscow Art Theatre production of *The Three Sisters*. In it Chekhov asks the specifically native (but still universally applicable) question: "We Russians are peculiarly given to exalted ideas—but why is it we always fall so short in life?" Chekhov doesn't answer the question (is there an answer?) but the manner in which it is asked in *The Three Sisters* makes it a great play. For the humility, the loving observation, the embrace of what is most precious in our lives which inform the play give it a stature far more exalted than its apparent scope.

How quiet is the Moscow Art Theatre production, how delicately quiet. Conventionally speaking, it is "undramatic." Tragedy overtakes all the play's characters; yet it would seem that nothing special happens; everything is done as if part of a humdrum reality. We are in a provincial household with lonely, sweet, surly, silly, warmhearted people where life runs an almost uneventful course. How dull it all could be. Yet it goes directly to the heart, stirs the soul, moves the mind, braces the spirit.

There are many ways to produce *The Three Sisters*, and there have been hot debates as to which is the right way. Even Stanislavsky and Chekhov were reputedly at odds on the subject. The production at the City Center is characterized above all by a certain *nobility*. This without strain, without posturing, without "pathos." There is hardly any sentimentality; there is clearly no neurosis.

All is relaxed. There is barely a climax, a marked stress. The action flows like a slightly eddying river of understandable behavior of which we never miss the least ripple. One notices a certain carriage or bearing in the actors which make them immediately impressive. No one is given to eye-catching display. Truculent Solyony hardly ever raises his voice. When he leaves the stage, we notice him crumble in grief for an instant and then resume his destructive bent. Vershinin's idealistic speeches are wistful ruminations, spoken conversationally and given body by the character's warmheartedness. Irina dreams with her eyes constantly fixed on some distant horizon. Olga is restrainedly staunch, truly a general's daughter. Masha is not a hysteric. Kulygin is homely uxorious, honorable, and when affected by truly emotional circumstances reveals sensibility and perception. He is not bright but neither is he a fool; he is mediocre, but a man. The aged servants are not comic relief. Andrei is shy and inadequate within an unrealized strength. The doctor is crusty, gone to seed and cynicism with wasted power. Natasha is an obtuse middle-class upstart and hence something of a coquette, not a bitch or a termagant.

One does not think of "pace" in this production—so often emphasized in our journalistic animadversions on direction. If there is "slowness" one is not conscious of it. There are no pauses because the silences—long or short as the case may be—are also action as absorbingly eloquent as the unhurried speech. (There is for example the moment during which Masha and Vershinin gaze at each other across a room: it is a truly beautiful love scene.) The attitudes, placement and groupings of the characters are natural but they all have meaning, tell a "story." They frequently compose pictures which fix themselves in memory as emblems of a period, of a sentiment, of a human stance. Everything is humanly justified and everything adds up to a virtually musical continuity.

Is this realism? Not as we have come to identify it on our stage. Without being larger than life, it is simple conduct so artfully selected that it becomes symbolic and, subtly, grand. Realism has ceased being casual and becomes style with all the dignity we associate with the classic theatre. The actors are people who really live on the stage—a life purified of accidental and personal dross.

If I am overlavish in my praise of the production, as some will surely maintain, what remains? Chekhov remains. Whatever one may think of this or that actor, piece of stage business or theatrical device, *The Three Sisters* at the City Center communicates what is essential: the image of good people, living an unfortunate existence, isolated in social gloom and individual failure, yet somehow bound together by the savorsome substance of their being—their delight in small pleasures, their consanguinity in play, in pain, in longing, in wonder, in the intimacy of their bereavement coupled with their inextinguishable desire for something more, something better, something greater in their lives.

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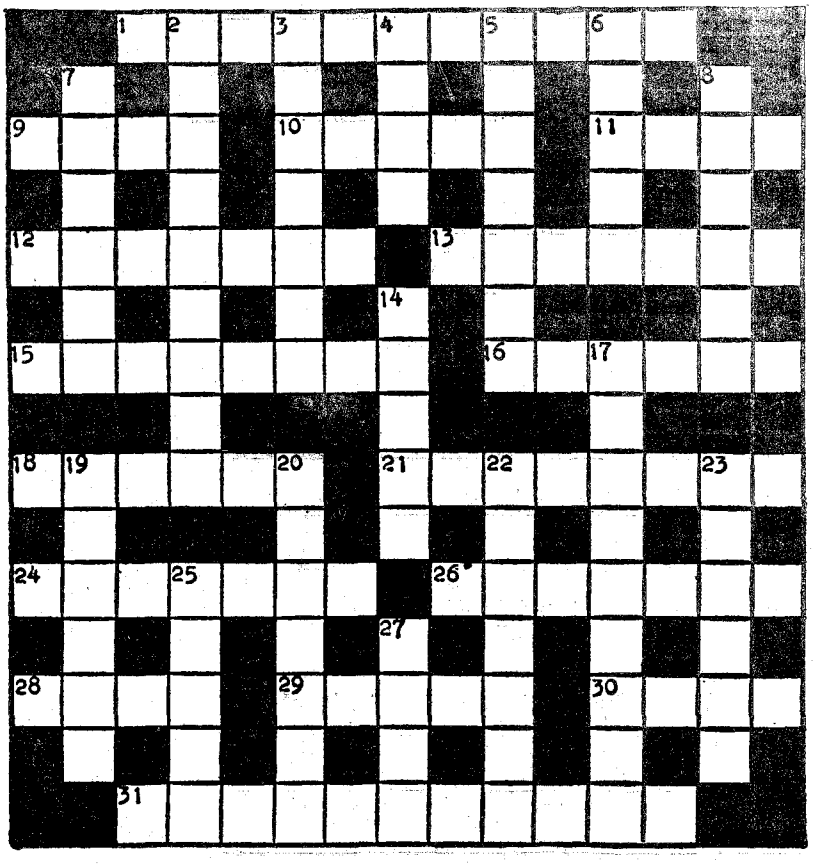

ACROSS:

1 What the sanctimonious like to do for effect in post offices, for example. (6, 5)
9 The building from which she would shortly get to take off? (4)
10 We all have them, but usually don't like to be called. (5)
11 See 19 down
12 In that connection, a 28 is frequently said to hang. (7)
13 Making the grade, but one sometimes is not allowed to be on a steep one. (7)
15 Is the ringer due to be bawled out? (8)
16 Overlook. (6)
18 Waited with a prop? (6)
21 How to come close to being a very quiet archy type? (8)
24 Keats said life is a fragile one on its perilous way from a tree summit. (7)
26 See 4 down
28 Dickens' was one of London and Paris. (4)
29 Offshoot circle, certainly not in a place of remembrance. (5)
30 Bird of Western Europe. (4)
31 Parting's too awkward for such a character! (11)

DOWN:

2 Act with restraint. (9)
3 A form of greeting stretched out and drawn with a certain amount of embellishment. (7)
4 and 26 across Does one so agree with what students have to do after vacations? (4, 2, 5)
5 Call for those who have part of the operating cycle? (2, 5)
6 There's not an article in the civic organization that shows up some who never get off the ground. (5)
7 See 19 down
8 Such gems are found in at least one setting. (6)
14 The ultimate object of what a merchant might say. (5)
17 Implying bad ventilation in the proximity? (9)
19, 11 across and 7 down Were his leanings in the fields of poetry and painting? (3, 3, 4, 3, 3)
20 Airborne operation allowed a small part in the downfall? (7)
22 and 23 For example, he gets to unite with formal opinion. (13)
25 Rather dull in some poetry. (5)
27 Commonly beaten up by some speakers, being rather complacently proper. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1094

ACROSS: 1 Proper fraction; 10 Militia; 11 Holstein; 12 Island; 14 Sea gull; 15 Satyr; 17 Susan; 19 and 21 Fashion models; 23 Aspirate; 25 Riposte; 26 Apogees; 27 Sports reporter. DOWN: 1 Pamphlets; 2 Orioles; 3 Eyestrain; 4 Fisticuffs; 5 Aims; 6 Tilts; 7 Outlast; 8 and 9 Handmaidens; 13 Close shave; 15 Spiritoso; 16 Redresser; 18 Soda pop; 20 Nearest; 21 Mare; 22 Loser; 24 Mews.

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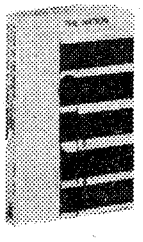

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